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A CURRICULUM FOR ENGLISH, POETRY FOR THE ELEMENTARY GRADES.
NEBRASKA UNIV., LINCOLN, CURRICULUM DEV. CTR.

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MATERIALS FOR THE NEBRASKA ELEMENTARY ENGLISH CURRICULUM INCLUDE AN ANCILLARY POETRY MANUAL FOR GRADES ONE THROUGH SIX. ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO INCREASING THE CHILD'S PLEASURE IN POETRY, BROADENING HIS KNOWLEDGE OF POETRY, AND HELPING HIM TO EXPRESS HIMSELF MORE CREATIVELY. CHILDREN ARE ENCOURAGED FIRST TO ENJOY THE READING OF POEMS AND THEN TO PERCEIVE PARTICULAR POETIC TECHNIQUES. THE TEACHER IS ENCOURAGED TO READ POETRY ALOUD AND TO DISCUSS WITH CHILDREN, AT THEIR LEVEL OF UNDERSTANDING, THE MEANING, SYNTAX, IMAGERY, AND RHYTHMIC AND RHYMING PATTERNS IN POEMS. THE MANUAL INCLUDES--(1) A DISCUSSION OF ELEMENTS CHARACTERISTIC OF GOOD POETRY AND STANDARDS BY WHICH TO JUDGE GOOD POETRY FOR CHILDREN AND BY CHILDREN, (2) SAMPLE LESSON PLANS FOR EACH GRADE LEVEL, (3) AN INDEXED ANTHOLOGY OF 209 CHILDREN'S POEMS WRITTEN BY CHILDREN AND BY EMINENT POETS OF MANY CULTURES FROM ANCIENT TO MODERN TIMES, (4) A LIST OF POEMS, ARRANGED BY GRADE LEVEL AND SUBJECT, FOUND IN THE TWO CORE POETRY TEXTS USED IN THE ELEMENTARY GRADES, (5) A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF USEFUL BOOKS RELATED TO THE STUDY OF POETRY, AND (6) A LIST OF SELECTED RECORDINGS OF POETRY READINGS. THIS MANUAL IS AVAILABLE FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS, 215 NEBRASKA HALL, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA 68508. (JB)

A CURRICULUM FOR ENGLISH

Poetry for the Elementary Grades

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UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS · LINCOLN

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PREFACE

The version of A Curriculum for English published here is an extension of the suggestions made in the Woods Curriculum Workshop of 1961; it is the result of a peculiarly close collaboration between Nebraska classroom teachers and scholars from Nebraska and the country at large--a collaboration particularly intense between 1961 and 1964. The curriculum covers the years of kindergarten through high school in detail and makes suggestions for the first year of college. It is not a panacea for present problems in the teaching of English; it is more like a half formed slave struggling to free itself from the stone. In some cases, the materials represent the state of the art in 1961; in some cases, that of 1967; many of the materials are as incomplete, as imperfect or simplistic as the group which created them. They are offered to remind their audience that scholars can concern themselves with schools and that teachers can fulfill the demands of scholarship; they are also offered for whatever use they may have in the classroom. Since hundreds of people collaborated in the creation of these materials, no names are attached to them. They should remain anonymous and peregrine.

The Nebraska Curriculum
Development Center

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION TO THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PROGRAM

The Nebraska elementary program is divided into units; the units center in the study of literature, often literature read aloud, and include work in language and composition integral to such study. It may be in order to describe the premises of the program.

I. Premises of the Program

For at least twenty centuries, the best literature produced in the western world was presented orally to audiences of many ages and social levels. And if it is true that great audiences produce great artists, then the audiences of such literature must have penetrated its meaning and been sensitive to its literary merit; there must have been some route of interchange of inspiration continually open between writers and audiences. From this it does not follow that children who as yet do not read should be insensible to the attractions of fine literature when it is appropriate to their level of intellect, imagination and rhythmic sense. Before a child is able to read, before he is able to cope with the only partially systematic English graphemic system, he has the need to come in contact with literature: if he cannot read, he can surely be read to--and this is a basic notion of the early units in this curriculum.

We should surprise few teachers in saying that children can tell stories, oral tales, cycles of tales; they can create their own literary culture so to speak, and they perhaps can do this best at the prompting and inspiration of excellent literary works. Storytelling, modeled and unmodeled, is thus a foundation activity suggested in this curriculum. The child's basically oral approach to literature will change as he masters reading skills, but he must know and feel that these reading skills are worth learning.

The elementary school program for language, literature and composition should not be confused with a reading program. It is neither such a program nor a substitute for such a program. The development of methods for the teaching of reading is the proper concern of the reading expert and not of this study. Further linguistic research may lead to improvements in methods for the teaching of reading; and, when sufficient research data indicates that these improvements have been made, they should be synthesized in this curriculum. Our concern is with showing such literature as will make reading worth the effort, composition an exercise in the imitation of excellence, and language study more than a bore.

The language, literature and composition program for the elementary school is designed to teach students (1) to comprehend the more frequent oral and written conventions of literature composed for young children--formal or generic conventions or simple rhetorical conventions; (2) to control these linguistic and literary conventions in their own writing; and (3) to comprehend consciously the more frequent grammatical conventions which they can handle in their speaking and writing.

One who plans an elementary curriculum must first identify the basic generalizations of the discipline, second, represent these generalizations so that they can be taught to children, and third, build a spiral curriculum which covers those basic concepts in ever greater depth, thus developing a progressively more sophisticated understanding of them. Once introduced in a relatively simple fashion, a concept will be treated somewhat more intensively each time it appears. All in all, the units of the curriculum intend to expose the student repeatedly to facts and ideas that he may use in order to proceed inductively to general conclusions about the conventions of good literature.

The child's sense of logic develops from an intuitive, anthropomorphic apprehension to the more analytical apprehension of the junior high school student. The curriculum's sequence of literary works and of suggested analogous compositions endeavors to display the same progress from the "mythic" and anthropomorphic to the realistic and the analytic, although this does not imply that the program at its upper levels ignores "fabulous" literature and comparable compositional forms. (The basic attitudes toward the psychology of children's literature, its relation to cognition, and the place of its emergence in psychology upon which this curriculum is based are set forth in the following books: Philippe Aries, L'Enfant et la vie familiale sous l'ancien regime; Jan Van Den Berg, "Adults and Children," in The Changing Nature of Man; Northrup Frye, Design for Learning [a modification of the generic theory used in this program].)

II. The Units

The materials for the curriculum program in the elementary school consist of seventy specific units for the various grade levels plus two packets of ancillary materials: Poetry for the Elementary Grades and Language Explorations for the Elementary Grades. The units suggested for the elementary level endeavor to arrange literary works in an articulated sequence designed to develop the concepts essential to the literature program in the spiral fashion mentioned above. Sixty-nine of the units are divided into nine groups or "pseudo-genres. (The other unit is recommended for the sixth grade level; it concerns the poetry of Robert Frost.)

The divisions are as follows: folk tales, fanciful stories, animal stories, adventure stories, myth, fable, other lands and people, historical fiction, and biography. Some of the selections in the curriculum could obviously be placed in more than one group, but such a classification serves the purposes of the curriculum in that it allows for stress on certain elements of stories, which in turn allows the sequential development of the principles of the program. The stories have not for the most part been selected because they "fit" into the nine categories listed; rather, the committees have first selected literary works of substantial merit and then fitted categories to serve the purposes of the program most conveniently.

During a 1963 summer workshop supported by the Woods Foundation, the entire elementary program was revised and new units were developed, following a consistent format adopted during the process of revision. Some explanation of each section of the revised units may be helpful, along with notes explaining the application of the sections to the Poetry unit materials.

(1) Core Text

From the versions of stories or the editions of books recommended as core selections for each unit, the committees of teachers who worked on the Nebraska project have selected those versions or editions which they feel have the most usefulness to the program or the highest degree of literary integrity. In the case of this unit on poetry, the committees have selected anthologies edited by May Hill Arbuthnot and Louis Untermeyer, as they contained a large number of poems applicable to the aims of the unit.

(2) Alternate Selections

Most packets list suitable substitutes for the core selections, should the teacher not be able to obtain or for any reason not wish to use the core selection. These alternates may be treated in much the same fashion as that suggested for the core selection; they will afford the teacher variety in materials as she teaches the program over a period of years. The alternate selections may also remind the teacher that she is strongly urged to develop her own units when she discovers other materials suitable to the program.

(3) General Introduction

This section of each unit outlines the major objectives of the unit, discusses the "genre" of the works presented, and outlines the relationship between the unit in question and other units in the curriculum. The articulation of the literature units in the program is extremely important: it gives the teacher of one grade some idea of

what her students have done previously and what they will be expected to do later. It may save her from resorting to drills that will "teach her students to handle the language properly," in a vain attempt to cover every area of English in one grade. It also may interest teachers of this Poetry unit to know that the units which are suggested in the literature and composition program are not necessarily to be used at one particular grade level. They are sliding units: that is, the grade levels are suggested only. Sometimes it is mentioned that one unit should be taught before or after some other unit in the same grade level, but for the most part the order during any one year is left entirely to the teacher. It is important, however, that the program follow the general sequence established within each classification. Within each "vertical" series of units (all the units on "folk tales," on "fanciful stories," etc.) there is a definite progression from the first grade through the sixth grade in the complexity of concepts presented. The charts on pages xi-xii show how these vertical sequences work, and how the progression from grade to grade is accomplished. The stories become more rewarding as they become more complex.

(4) Background information for the teacher

This section discusses stylistic characteristics of the works, their structure, motif, theme, and the author and his style. Not every topic is included in every literature unit--for instance, a discussion of the author is not always pertinent or possible.

Note: The material included in the Background information section of each unit, as well as that in the General Introduction, is for the teacher: it is not intended to be communicated directly to students at the elementary level. These materials are provided on the assumption that a teacher will teach more effectively if she understands something of the literary nature of stories and of their place in the curriculum. Similarly, in the use of this Poetry unit with very young children, a teacher will not wish to speak blithely to her children of "lyric, narrative and dramatic poetry" when they are not capable of discussing such terms. The teacher should know all that she can about the meaning and literary method of the type of literature she presents so that, whenever and wherever she can, she may bring to the students those insights that she has and, more importantly, so that she can encourage her students when they show evidence of gaining insights themselves.

> But the teacher should not deliver lectures and ready-made literary analyses to elementary school children. She should not deliver the background material to them but lead them when and as they can to perceive and to appreciate the techniques and meanings of poetry. She should not ask children to recognize and apply the technical critical terminology of interpretive analyses given

> in the background materials; the primary purpose of the curriculum is to create understanding, not conventional bourgeois citizens or polite little boys, however desirable the creation of these may be.

Presumably the children will enjoy the stories of the literature units and the poems of this unit; they will gain some initial bits of evidence for an eventual inductive recognition of the nature of some kinds of literature; and the patterns of the stories and poetry will furnish them with some preliminary tools for their own attempts to organize their own experiences into forms that others can understand and enjoy. [1]

(5) Suggested procedures

In planning with the literature units and with this Poetry unit, the teacher must remember that the most important single facet of the program is the child's experience with the literature itself. Even as the poet endeavors to establish his relationship to his audience, so the teacher should seek to establish rapport with her audience before she begins to read to the children. The teacher who reads should be familiar with her story whether she reads it or tells it. She should know the rhythms of the sentences, the rhythm of the plot. She should have practiced so that she can read with a sense of the music of language and meaning. If the child reads a story or a creative composition to the class, he should have an opportunity to prepare himself for the reading. He, too, should have an opportunity to establish his rapport with the class. The reading of good literature or poetry to children should not be regarded as something to do if the class has time; it should constitute a basic part of the school curriculum.

Composition exercises, language explorations, or other activities stemming from the reading of poetry should grow directly out of the child's experience with the work; the teacher should seize upon opportunities to unify activities and literature presentation. It is a basic premise of this curriculum that probably the best basis for building a

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[1] The editors should like here to acknowledge their indebtedness during the preparation of these introductory essays to two of the most prominent books on children's literature, May Hill Arbuthnot's Children and Books and Huck and Young's Children's Literature in the Elementary School. Every elementary teacher should have these two standard works on her bookshelf. She might also see "Analyzing Literature in the Elementary Institute," an article by Paul A. Olson and Ned S. Hedges in Source Book on English Institutes for Elementary Teachers (published by MLA-NCTE, 1965) for notes on techniques and sample analyses.

child's competence in composition and his understanding of the nature and possibilities of his native language is an exposure to literature of superior quality over a relatively long period of time.

(6) Poetry

In the literature units, the next section after Suggested Procedures is a list of titles of poems, and occasionally reprinted poems themselves. Two "core" texts are recommended for the elementary program: May Hill Arbuthnot's Time for Poetry and The Golden Treasury of Poetry, edited by Louis Untermeyer, in other words, the core texts for this unit. In the literature units, poems which appear in these core texts are listed in the Poetry section of the unit. In this present unit, obviously, the Poetry section is considerably more important and extensive. It consists of an anthology of poems, arranged thematically in lettered divisions, with the more simple poems near the beginning of each division and more difficult selections following.

(7) Bibliography

As is noted in the literature units, "the study of the core book should not end the unit." Each literature unit has suggested readings dealing with or further developing the concepts presented in the core text. The bibliography of this unit contains lists of anthologies in which both student and teacher may find further selections to interest them; there are also suggested critical readings and teaching aids in the form of recordings. If the teacher selects individualized readings for her children, it seems that it is better for her to overestimate the reading ability of the child than to underestimate it. The bibliographical insertions in all cases presume that the teacher has made a careful effort to take an inventory of the child's literary interests, to discover what books he reads, what books are read to him at home, what kinds of television programs he sees--in short, the kinds of entertainment which nourish him. A teacher who knows such things and knows them well may be better able to supply appropriate works for individual student reading.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL UNITS

	FOLK	FANCIFUL	ANIMAL	ADVENTURE
Grade 1	Little Red Hen Three Billy Goats Gruff The Gingerbread Boy	Little Black Sambo Peter Rabbit Where the Wild Things Are	Millions of Cats The Elephant's Child How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin Ferdinand	Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain The Little Island
2	Little Red Riding Hood Story of the Three Pigs Story of the Three Bears	And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street	Blaze and the Forest Fire How Whale Got His Throat The Beginning of the Armadillos The Cat That Walked by Himself	The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins The Bears on Hemlock Mountain
3	Sleeping Beauty Cinderella or the Little Glass Slipper Mother Holle	The Five Chinese Brothers Madeline Madeline's Rescue	The Blind Colt How the Camel Got His Hump How the Leopard Got His Spots The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo	Winnie-the-Pooh Mr. Popper's Penguins
4	Febold Feboldson	Charlotte's Web	Brighty of the Grand Canyon	Homer Price
5	Tall Tale America Rapunzel The Woodcutter's Child The Three Languages	The Snow Queen The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe	King of the Wind	The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Island of the Blue Dolphins
6	The Seven Voyages of Sinbad	Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass A Wrinkle in Time	Big Red	The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL UNITS - Continued

	MYTH	FABLE	OTHER LANDS AND PEOPLE	HISTORICAL FICTION	BIOGRAPHY
Grade 1	The Story of the First Butterflies The Story of the First Woodpecker	The Dog and the Shadow The Town Mouse and The Country Mouse	A Pair of Red Clogs		They Were Strong and Good George Washington
2	The Golden Touch	The Hare and the Tortoise The Ant and the Grasshopper	Crow Boy	Caroline and Her Kettle Named Maud	Ride on the Wind
3	Daedalus and Icarus Clytie Narcissus	Chanticleer and the Fox The Musicians of Bremen	The Red Balloon	The Courage of Sarah Noble	Christopher Columbus and His Brothers
4	Hiawatha's Fasting Theseus and the Minotaur Arachne Phaeton and the Chariot of The Sun	Jacobs: The Fables of Aesop	A Brother for the Orphelines	Little House on the Prairie The Match-Lock Gun	Willa Leif the Lucky
5	Ceres and Prosperine Atalanta's Race Jason The Labors of Hercules	Bidpai Fables Jataka Tales	The Door in the Wall	Children of the Covered Wagon This Dear-Bought Land	Dr. George Washington Carver, Scientist
6	The Children of Odin The Hobbit	The Wind in the Willows	Hans Brinker Secret of the Andes	The Book of King Arthur and his Noble Knights	Cartier Sails the St. Lawrence

CORRELATIVE UNITS: "You Come Too" - Poetry of Robert Frost - Grade 6; Poetry for the Elementary Grades; Language Explorations for Elementary Grades.

III. Children's Poetry and Children:

It may be useful for us to set forth our conceptions of the relationship between children's poetry and children.

Children's poetry as a species of literature addressed exclusively to an audience of children would seem to have appeared fairly recently, emerging as a significant species only in the eighteenth century. Recent historians of childhood relate both the appearance and the distinguishing features of children's literature to changes which have occurred in the social pattern of western life--to changes in the idea of ideal childhood and ideal family pattern as these relate to general community patterns. As adult life became more complex in its technology and more remote from the life of the child, a separate species of literature appeared, setting forth the myths of childhood as opposed to the myths of adulthood. Whereas sixteenth century poems for children are generally ordinary religious poems, the eighteenth century begins to produce a distinctive children's literature. Poetry for Children in English begins with Perrault's Mother Goose of 1727. The teacher who wishes to understand what children's poetry is, what its typical modes are, would do well to get the modern facsimile reprint of the 1727 Perrault.

The child reads a poetry different from adult poetry because he lives in a world separated from the adult world. At the preschool or early school level he tends, as Piaget has shown, to see "nature" immediately before him and to relate its events to anthropomorphic personal or semipersonal forces rather than to an impersonal causal continuum:

twinkle, twinkle, little star

Or

The cow jumped over the moon

. . . And the dish ran away with the spoon.

The child's poetry portrays generally a nonnaturalistic, nonscientific physical world which may have more in common with that of the Greek myth-maker than with that of the contemporary adult.

Technological specialization has destroyed the world of open shops through which the medieval-Renaissance child wandered, the benches where he took his place beside his father to learn his trade; it has replaced it with a professional-industrial world where adult roles are neither public nor obvious. New urban industrial social patterns generally protect the American child from basic adult

experiences of sexuality, war, and death. Concomitantly, poetry read and enjoyed by children deals with the roles in human society which are publicly and easily understood--often those symbolized by special apparel--the roles of peasant and king, of fireman, trainman, carpenter, and shipman:

Dr. Foster went to Gloucester . . .

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe . . .

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, etc.

As social relations in the adult public world become more complex, the central social units in most literature that is attractive to children come to be the small units: the old woman who lived in a shoe and her family, Peter Pumpkin Eater and his wife, the ballad's families or tribes or kin. Moreover, insofar as children do not altogether understand the more complex motives and considerations which govern adult behavior, children's poetry presents flat characters.

One misty moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather
He began to compliment
And I began to grin
"How do you do?" and "How do you do?"
And "How do you do?" again.

Humpty Dumpty, Old King Cole, Winnie and Christopher, the Wanderer and Seafarer, all are flat characters.

Children's poetry is set at some distance from adult ways of conceiving--not necessarily at equal distance from children's ways. Perhaps anachronistically the poetry which most appeals to children is often called improbable (anachronistically because probability is relative to the experience which measures it). In any case, teachers of children's literature could well consider how and why children's poetry is different.

The Image:

Children's poetry is full of analogies perhaps because children are themselves particularly skillfull at inventing concrete "analogies" for the sense experiences they have had. They can observe the world and get at its look, its feel, its emotional texture by constructing "likes," sometimes perhaps listing fifteen or twenty for a single situation.

The slow, wet snowfall is like--

. . . an old dish rag.

. . . a dog without sharp teeth.

. . . a washed sheet spread out in the basket.

. . . a toothless lion.

. . . sugar after dry toast.

Children make such analogies readily, the following having been constructed by a very young child as part of his spontaneous conversation: "I'm going to wipe off the fog with a feather duster"; "Putting your feet in the sprinkler on a hot day is man-sized pleasure"; "I'm going to step on your chimney pot" (the child's father's nose); "I don't care if the thunder comes into my bones." Children are doing what Ezra Pound does in his haiku:

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;

Petals on a wet, black bough.

They are finding the analogy which clarifies what they see, feel, perceive, etc.

One may wish to collect the analogies which come up spontaneously in kids' talk to show that poets use "like" phrases to clarify what is seen, felt, perceived, valued, etc. In no case should children be made to feel that poetry is only metaphor or that metaphor is only a "decorating" or "prettifying" of what we have already said: in no case should they be made to feel that what makes good writing is a constant, purple use of comparison whether or not it is natural and needed for clarity and precision of expression.

The teacher of poetry may begin with the child's natural capacity for metaphor as the basis for moving to such professional poems as are found in this volume.

Rhythm:

Children's poetry, as Auden has pointed out, is possibly the most subtly rhythmic poetry we have.

Children can follow the rhythm of clapping or music very early, sometimes before they talk and walk. Almost equally early,

they respond to the rhythm of nursery rime. And they themselves toy with rhythmic language--with the prosody of lanugage in their games.

After children have heard some strongly rhythmic verse (nursery rime verse or Theodore Roethke's poetry for children), they may feel the urge of rhythm sufficiently to speak in sentences which have a strong rhythmic thrust; they may wish to make words dance for themselves. This is a "poem" which a nursery school child said spontaneously--not knowing that it was a poem--after hearing Roethke's Party at the Zoo.

' ' ' '
And when it turned to dawn here

' ' '
The fishermen said, "Today."

' '
But I, parachuting,

' '
Said it was morning

' '
And I said, "Hi"

' '
And I said "No!"

' ' ' '
The fishermen parachuted up

' ' '
And I parachuted down

' '
And the birds were singing

' ' '
And the buffaloes were making noise.

The child was just fooling around with words, sacrificing surface sense to rhythm and experiment-with-inversion.

It is this kind of free and subtle rhythmic shaping of words which a teacher ought to look for in the child's language and upon which she

ought to build as she endeavors to build the sense of rhythm, reading rhythmic matter to the child to build up the sense of prosody, taking down "spontaneous poems" of the sort created by the child, and reading comparable poems for children afterwards to reinforce the child's pleasure in making the words sing and dance. Better to let children come to rhythm through experiment with the natural tune of language than to encourage them to write rimed doggerel:

Cedric Saxon, greatly bold,
Lived he in the days of old
Lived he in the forest deep
Where the woodland winds did creep.

No child is helped to read or to write poetry by a teaching which shoves down his throat the woodenest of rhythmic patterns instead of allowing him to move toward the shaped rhythms of rather free poetry from the spontaneous intonations of his own speech. Children are, of course, particularly attracted to the devices of oral formulaic poetry: onomatopoeia, incremental repetition, the repetition of stock oral formulaic phrases, and so forth.

Rime:

Rime is no necessary part of children's verse, and where rime exists, it oftens exists as highly complex "sound-play" rather than conventional end rime.

Hey, diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle

The cow jumped over the moon

The little dog laughed to see such fun

And the dish ran away with the spoon

The rimes and slant rimes and alliterations and assonances:

Hey	diddle	cat	moon	dog
away	diddle	cow	fun	dish
	fiddle		ran	(diddle-diddle)
			spoon	

Such childrens' verse writers as Lewis Carroll, Theodore Roethke, and T. S. Eliot practice equally subtlely upon our sense of rime.

Syntax:

Finally, the syntax of children's poetry is simpler. "This is the House That Jack Built" seems to develop highly complex sentences, using level after level of subordination. But the only syntactic trick involved is the use of the adjectival "that" clause, and children can imitate it immediately. On the other hand, such adult poets as Hopkins and Dylan Thomas use structures which no child knows and which are unique to the written language: i. e. the past optative in the following lines:

> Hare fair fallen, o fair, fair
> hare fallen
> So archespecial a spirit as
> breathes in Henry Purcell.

Children's poetry rarely depends on such complex pronoun reference or syntactic inversions as does Donne's or Milton's. Where the sentences are complex, their complexity is generally a complexity resulting from compounding or simple subordination, not from complex transformation. Thus, the sentences in children's verse can easily be broken up into the simpler sentences of which they are composed. They should be when a poem is being analyzed, if this aids the child's comprehension.

> Go and catch a falling star,
> Get with child a mandrake's root.

POETRY FOR THE ELEMENTARY GRADES

CORE TEXTS:

Louis Untermeyer, ed., The Golden Treasury of Poetry (New York: Golden Press, 1959).

May Hill Arbuthnot, ed., Time for Poetry[1] (Chicago: Scott Foresman and Co., 1959).

I. INTRODUCTION

This unit on poetry has a four-fold objective. It will attempt to introduce students to the pleasures of poetry (e.g., rhythm, sound patterns, and the music of the voice) in the elementary school; to increase and broaden students' knowledge of poetry; to help the student see that poets write in individual and original ways and that the poet controls his expression through rhythm, imagery, and choice of words; and to help the child to express himself creatively better than before.

This unit is intended to serve as a practical short-cut to presenting poetry in the elementary school. Every teacher should frequently read poetry aloud to her students; this is a vital part of any good literature program.

The material in the second and third sections of this book consists of background information for the teacher and suggestions for presenting poetry effectively. The rest of the book contains an indexed anthology of poems, a list of poems with page numbers from the Core Texts (arranged by suggested grade-level and by subject), and a selected bibliography of useful books and other materials. Most teachers will find many of their favorites missing, as the selections were made with an eye toward entertaining the teacher as well as her students with poems that may be unfamiliar. It is to be hoped that every teacher will read her favorites (including new ones found here) to her classes, as children react strongly to the reader's opinion of literature that is read to them. The poems both here reproduced and listed from the Core Texts make a wide variety of reputable poetry easily available. Much of it has long been enjoyed

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[1] The editions of this work vary a great deal. Be sure to use the 1959 or 1961 edition.

by Nebraska teachers and students; some of it was written for children, some by children, some by eminent poets, much by "Anon."

In addition, poems from other cultures, from the distant past, and from very modern poets have been included: while not available in anthologies for children, yet they are unusually vivid and appealing.

II. BACKGROUND INFORMATION FOR THE TEACHER

A. What is Poetry?

Numerous definitions of poetry have been given by many famous people, but in the final analysis, each one is inadequate. Most critics are agreed that a poem is a composition in which rhythmical and usually metaphorical language is used to create an aesthetic experience and to make a statement which cannot be fully paraphrased in prose. Such elements as meter and rhyme are usually, but not necessarily, present. Although some critics have maintained that the aim of poetry is to produce pleasure and others that it is to give a unique sort of knowledge, there is widespread agreement that poetry presents an emotional and intellectual experience rather than an abstraction from experience.

Poetry may be divided into three kinds: lyric, narrative, and dramatic. Lyric poetry expresses the poet's thoughts, feelings, or mood (Keats' "To Autumn"). Narrative poetry tells a story (Longfellow's "The Skeleton in Armor"). Dramatic poetry is meant to be acted (Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet). Almost all of the poetry appropriate for children falls into the lyric and narrative categories.

B. Elements of Poetry

1. Denotation and Connotation

A word is a sound or a combination of sounds which, by general consent, refers to or names something; what it names, what it refers to, its referent, constitutes a word's denotative meaning, its denotation. Many words, of course, have more than one denotative meaning.

But aside from their explicit or denotative meaning, most words carry a suggested or implicit meaning which is called connotative meaning, connotation. It is by making use of connotation and the interrelations of words that poetry becomes rich, compact, and highly charged.

Example: "Red" denotes simply the familiar color; "red" connotes "blood," "revolution," "danger," "anger."

2. Imagery

Whether the poet is seeking to evoke a sense of immediate physical experience in the reader, insofar as that is possible, or to tell a story, or to discuss ideas, attitudes and feelings, he will use many words that appeal to the senses; that is, words having to do with sight, sound, taste, touch and smell. A word creates an image in the reader's mind when it produces a mental representation of anything not actually present to the reader's senses. For example:

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow . . .

3. Figurative Language

Figurative language is a word or phrase used in such a way as to produce a meaning other than the literal one. Three common figures of speech are simile, metaphor and personification.

A simile is the comparison of two unlike objects, and is signaled by the use of "like" or "as." For example:

THE RAINS OF SPRING

by Lady Ise
(Arranged by Olive Beaupre Miller)

The rains of spring
Which hang to the branches
Of the green willow,
Look like pearls upon a string.

--From Little Pictures of Japan
(arranged by Olive Beaupre Miller),

A metaphor is a figure of speech that compares two unlike objects in a hidden way. The metaphor is less obvious, more surprising and hence imaginatively more effective than the simile. Here is an example:

HOPE . . .

by Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all.

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

Personification gives a lower form of life the characteristics of a higher form (animals talking) or endows inanimate objects with life and personality (flowers smiling). Note this figure in the following poem:

FOG

by Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

--From CHICAGO POEMS by Carl Sandburg. Copyright 1916 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. Copyright 1944 by Carl Sandburg. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

4. Stress and Meter

Even though the traditional descriptive terminology ignores some of the distinctions which modern phonologists make about our language, it is useful for teaching purposes. The traditional metrical feet, for instance, assume only two degrees of stress:

The iamb consists of an unaccented followed by an accented syllable.
The trochee consists of an accented followed by an unaccented syllable.
The anapest consists of two unaccented followed by an accented syllable.
The dactyl consists of an accented followed by two unaccented syllables.
The pyrrhic consists of two unaccented syllables.

Clearly in the four-stress English language these terms are not very accurate. But if we understand them to concern themselves with comparative stress levels, not absolute stress levels, the terms are useful enough. Hence, prosodically the word lighthousekeeping is two trochees (/ ∨ / ∨), though phonologically it consists of primary, tertiary, secondary and quaternary stress (/ \ ^ ∨).

Again, in using traditional line-length terminology, the teacher must recognize that the terms indicate a general

pattern against which the verse works, not an absolute pattern to which the verse must conform. The traditional terms are:

Monometer for a line of one foot,
Dimeter for a line of two feet,
Trimeter for a line of three feet,
Tetrameter for a line of four feet,
Pentameter for a line of five feet,
Hexameter for a line of six feet,
Heptameter for a line of seven feet,
Octameter for a line of eight feet.

Most iambic pentameter verse does not dutifully conform to the pattern of five iambs in each line, but statistically the meter does obtain this general pattern. For instance:

PARADISE LOST

by John Milton

Of man's/ first dis/-o-be-/-dience and/ the fruit
Of that/ for-bid/-den tree/ whose mor/-tal taste
Brought death/ in-to/ the world/ and all/ our woe
With loss/ of E/-den till/ one great/-er man
Re-store/ us and/ re-gain/ the bliss/-ful seat . . . .

Only the second line may be said to fit the iambic pentameter pattern; the others vary from it. But the fact is that most of the first, second, third, fourth and fifth feet in the lines are iambs; and we read against the pattern if we read with any sensitivity to prosody.

Even though English words most often exhibit a falling rhythm (lovely, loveliness), the iambic meter is the most common in English verse because in phrases the determiners and verb auxiliaries are not stressed (the man is running down the street), and they precede nouns and verbs.

Readers of poetry soon begin to associate certain qualities with certain sorts of verse. One cannot read ballad meter without associating with it the qualities of the folk ballad and of the English hymn; it is not accidental that Wordsworth and Coleridge used ballad meter in Lyrical Ballads; it helped to express their reaction against the scientific rationalism of the eighteenth century, which looked on heroic couplets (iambic pentameter couplets) as the vehicle

for serious verse and considered the ballad meters as fit for light comic verse. One cannot read heroic couplets without thinking of Pope and Dryden; one cannot read blank verse without thinking of Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth; one cannot read a sonnet without expecting an octave-sestet division. Whether or not verse forms have natural affinities with certain subjects or treatments, we cannot dismiss a form from the treatment it has historically been given.

In this connection parody has great uses in the teaching of poetry. Students may not only find out how difficult the writing of metrically regular English is, but they may come to see how good parody plays against the expectations of the verse form. Parody need not be aimed at a specific poem, though that is a good way for students to start and perhaps suffices until they read enough to sense what forms have come to mean to us. In time students can learn to see that heroic couplets can be parodied without specific reference to any poem, that Miltonic blank verse can be parodied, that Spenserian stanzas can be parodied, and so forth.

5. Syntax

Students must be taught to see that poems are written in English, quite as prose is, and that they must learn to perceive the syntax of the poem if they are to understand it. In some cases this is not difficult. The poems of Robert Frost are not syntactically difficult, for the syntax is quite similar to that of prose. At the other extreme the opening lines of Paradise Lost are syntactically very complex, and the student must see that Milton has to rearrange syntax patterns to order all the complexities into one English sentence. Prose paraphrase is of great help in teaching such complicated syntax and should not be overlooked as the first step toward a student's understanding of the poem. Certain inversions of word order are particularly common in English verse (of subject and verb, of noun and modifier, of verb phrase), and they should be expected. One way to deal with such difficult lines is to substitute the normal prose pattern for the inverted pattern.

6. Phonology

Students should come to love the sounds of the language in poetry long before they know what some of the poetry means.

A student loved what were to him meaningless nursery rhymes before he came to school; he may have been fortunate enough to hear the cadences of the King James Bible and of the great English hymns as well. By the high school years he should be able to consider the sounds of poetry in connection with its meaning. For example, Dryden loads the lines with hissing sibilants (false, first, curst, place, disgrace) to intensify his view of the character Achitophel in his poem Absolom and Achitophel. Other observations may not be so easy to make. However, students may come to agree that the contrast between the smooth metric pattern of Donne's "Legacy" and the knotty logic of the poem emphasizes the shock of that poem. Read properly this poem sounds like a typical, ingratiating love lyric; only when the meanings are examined does one become aware that behind the facade of the lyric is a bitter criticism of the loved one.

Our great poetry varies from normal everyday prose not only in that its diction is more richly connotative, its rhythms more regular, its syntax more compact--though all these may be true--but also because its sound patterns complement the meaning. Reading well, then, involves sounding language in the fullness of its range. Teachers should read as well as they know how and bring their students to read as well as they can.

C. Presentation of Poetry

Children should be allowed the opportunity to appreciate fine poetry, and appreciation grows with exposure to poetry as one's own preferences and tastes develop. Appreciation means more than just liking or enjoying; it must also mean "the proper estimate or valuation of worth." For the elementary child this does not consist of dissection to the point where all joy is gone. When poetry comes to have a deep and pleasurable personal significance to the individual, it can be said that he truly appreciates it.

To present good poetry to children in a manner so that they will develop an appreciation for it, the teacher must be able to recognize the elements which are characteristic of all fine verse.

Besides recognizing what constitutes good poetry, it is essential that teachers know what qualities of poetry are especially appealing to children and evaluate selections of poetry along these lines as well as those previously mentioned. The following serve as guidelines of appeal to children:

Sound Devices
- Rhyme and rhythm
- Meter
- Onomatopoetic words
- Alliteration

Story Element

Sensory Content
- Words appealing to the senses

The success of lessons in the understanding of poetry and the most successful and creative writing of poetry occur in a classroom where a warm, friendly, uncritical relationship exists between teacher and pupil. In such a room a child does not feel that he is expected and obligated to like all poems equally. Here poetry is presented in a positive and natural manner, at opportune times, and in a way appropriate to the age level of the child. If the teacher finds that there is little enthusiasm for one of the suggested poems, she chooses a similar one instead, which she can present positively. (However, by expending a certain amount of effort, it is sometimes possible to develop enthusiasm.) In addition the teacher is careful not to attempt the presentation of poems that are too hard or too long. Even for narrative poetry, a poem of one hundred lines is about the maximum length for holding interest.

A teacher who has poetry at her command has the advantage of being able to incorporate it in the daily subject matter of classes other than English at opportune times, thus strengthening her teaching. For example, the catching of a mouse in school or at home might open the way for a successful presentation of Rose Fyleman's "Mice," or the advent of a new colt among the children's pets might make the presentation of Robert Frost's "The Runaway" especially meaningful.

III. SUGGESTED PROCEDURES

A. Listening to and Discussing Poetry

The presentation of poetry to children should be an immediately pleasurable experience for them without over-discussion, dissection or moralizing. What a teacher can do with a poem in the teaching of young children is necessarily limited, but a pleasurable introduction to poetry is a worthy aim.

The success of a poem depends greatly upon the way it is read or quoted, as well as upon the mood and the setting which has been established for its presentation. Reading poetry well is more difficult than reading prose. The teacher must be well acquainted with the poem to be read, having read it aloud as well as silently before presentation. She must read for meaning and let the rhythmic and rhyming pattern remain a secondary objective in the oral presentation. A teacher should study one poem until she can regulate the metrically indicated tone and emphasis to coincide exactly with the sense, the meaning of the lines. Most poetry should be read slowly but naturally. An exaggerated, unnatural rendering can be just as deadly to poetry appreciation as a monotonous, colorless reading. A serious poem should be played down rather than over-played. However, with humorous poetry the opposite is apt to be true.

Poems should not be just reading and vocabulary exercises for the children. After having presented any appropriate background material, the teacher should, in most cases, introduce the poem by reading it to the pupils. Most authorities recommend that the first reading be done by the teacher, with a clarification following, so that the children can catch the sound and movement of the poem. Of course there is no set rule as to whether difficult words and phrases should be clarified prior to the reading; the teacher's own judgment and her knowledge of the class will determine this. Certainly, difficult words and expressions essential to the understanding of the poem should be discussed beforehand. However, such discussions should be kept brief so that they in no sense become vocabulary drills.

If a poem is to be taught effectively, its presentation must constitute a creative experience for the pupils; it must be appreciated, not simply read and dismissed with a favorable comment. The particular worth and thus the beauty of the poem must be appreciated. The teacher should prepare the children for the reading and the discussion to follow by establishing background, setting and mood; she should remind them of the elements of good poetry they are looking

for. This last is especially important for the upper grades. After hearing the poem, the children should see the poem in order to search out for themselves those elements common to all good poetry. Perhaps the teacher will need to reread the poem line by line as certain elements are looked for. The teacher could read a poem in order to compare it with another poem which treats the same subject similarly or dissimilarly or uses rhythm similarly or dissimilarly. She should help the children find favorite lines, lines deemed worthy of remembering: beautiful lines, strong lines, lines that suggest an unusually clear picture. Children should be led to understand and appreciate a poet's delight in the use of words, his uninhibited, and at the same time precise, use of vocabulary. It is rewarding (as well as fun) to reconstruct the writing of a poem by asking the questions: What is the poet's mood, and how can you tell? What was the poet thinking about when he wrote the poem? What do particular phrases call to mind? What was the author's purpose in writing the poem, and does he succeed in that purpose? However, remember that elementary school children should be taught to recognize the various kinds of poetry; then, at the secondary level, they can be taught to analyze individual poems closely. Students should be led to survey the entire realm of poetry before exploring too minutely any particular poem.

B. Creative Expression[1]

If children are to express themselves creatively, they must possess a type of poetic sense which can be acquired only through countless experiences with poetic forms. Not all children should be expected to write good poetry--but they should be encouraged to try. Further, not all of the writing children do will be poetry, but it is the stuff poetry is made of. Such writing affords the child the opportunity for tapping his own creative resources.

The teacher can, of course, encourage the development of the children's creative faculties in all phases of classroom activity. And especially, for our purposes, should she establish an attitude of sharing (rather than teaching) the poetry that she reads. In the introduction to the literary units of this curriculum it has been stressed that the teacher needs to treat with courtesy and respect the poetic and literary efforts offered by the youngsters, whether she reads them for herself or to the class. It should go almost without saying that a teacher who wishes to establish good rapport with her class and to stimulate their creative effort should not read a student's

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[1] The teacher would be well advised to read also Nina Willis Walter, Let Them Write Poetry (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1962).

writings to the class without his consent; neither should she require the student to read his own work to the class without allowing him time for preparation and establishment of his own type of rapport with the class.

Experiences in imagination and emotion are necessary to both child and adult for stimulation and inspiration to writing. Younger children are especially sensitive to physical objects, things that appeal to their senses; in the higher grades more abstract intellectual and emotional experiences may provide material for the creative experience. At any level, the teacher needs to be alert for signs of the child's having had useful experiences; she needs to know how to draw them out and cause them to flower into imaginative writing. The teacher must help the children to see the difference between purely physical and imaginative observation. As a physical sight, a tree is brown- or white-, rough- or smooth-barked; green- or silver gray-leafed. Imaginatively it may claw at the sky, trap clouds or stars, or sweep the sky clean. A road is a crooked strip of cement or tar or gravel; imaginatively it may be a wavy, shimmering ribbon tying itself around hills as if to wrap them for Christmas presents.

Give the children a chance to express themselves in figurative terms. Get them started, perhaps with the examples given above; then let them make up phrases in a plain style expressing only physical reality. Let them try to add a figurative image suggested by the object. Or give them some expressions of stark physical reality and let them suggest the extensions. For example:

Plain Style	[might produce:]	Figurative Style
The windows shone in the sunset.		The windows were faceted spiders' eyes gleaming red and gold in the sunset.
Waves battered the island.		Long curling white fingers beckoned to the shore, enticed it to join them out in the channel.

With the observations that the children bring in (I have a new dog; There is a new house being built on my street), the teacher should discuss withthem and seek to have them ask themselves questions like the following: What is this like? -- What does it look like, sound like, feel like? What does it make you think of? More specifically, she might ask, "What would your dog think about after he played in the snow for the first time? What would he think if he could think like you can?" "When you saw your reflection in the puddle, what might it have wanted to say to you?"

Here is an exercise which may help the children recognize and appreciate the difference between the general and the specific and detailed statement. The teacher might present general descriptions and let the students search out details to fill out the descriptions. This could be done individually or in small groups.

General Description	[might produce:]	Detailed Description
The shore was rocky.		The windswept gray shore was littered with rock-slides from the green-and-yellow-banded cliffs above.
Hail fell.		. . . cut through stem, shattered grain, beat down leaf, and lay heaped on the ground in the ruined fields.

Obviously, some students will be helped more than others by exercises such as those suggested above; some students will stretch their minds and learn to use more and more figurative phrases and details, they will be able to use these words and phrases in constructing real poetry of their own. Other students will not respond to or will not understand the exercises. Some students may need more time than others to discover and learn to assimilate new words and phrases in their writing.

All students, without a doubt, should and must be given time to put down their thoughts, to do their writing, after they have mastered as much as they will of vocabulary and modes of provoking creativity, and after they have responded to motivation. Once the tools to create have been furnished, there must be sufficient time allotted for their use.

Before the children can do their own writing, tape recordings or older children acting as scribes would be useful aids to the teacher. Very early poetry will often not be fitted into strict poetic form, and should not be forced into it. Later poetry may well appear in the form of prose; when the children wish to have their poetry look like "real" poetry, the teacher may begin to help them put down their work in "thought groups." If rhyming comes naturally for some students, their rhyme schemes will determine the structure of the poem. It is important that the children learn early to express their ideas, not necessarily in "real" poetry, but with freshness and clarity. A feeling for form will be developed as they mature.

In evaluating children's poetry, the teacher cannot, of course, use adult poetry as a standard of comparison. But she can examine the content and see if a child has attempted to express himself or if he has only attempted to "get through" an assignment. Nina Willis Walter has listed ten standards to use in evaluating poetry; these criteria are adaptable to any age and grade level. They are as follows:[1]

1. Originality. Poems by children of any age should show originality of thought or phrasing or both, as well as originality in the choice of words and in the way words are put together.
2. Sincerity. A poem is sincere if it says what the author really thinks and feels. It is not sincere if the author is trying to be clever or facetious or to ape an adult writing down to children.
3. Imagery. The imagery or picture quality in a child's poem shows imagination at work to produce at least simple analogies and picturesque details. The imagery should not be imitative, but new and fresh.
4. Idea. If a child presents a new thought or a new image, or expresses an old idea in new terms, or exhibits originality of phrasing, he is making an intellectual contribution to poetry. His poem is of value if he honestly expresses in his own way an idea new to him, even though it is not new to the world.
5. Feeling. Children can be taught that a poem into which the poet puts some of his own feeling is of greater value than the poem that merely paints a pretty picture. We cannot expect them to show the depth of emotional power and awareness evident in adult poetry; but we can expect sincerity of feeling.
6. Universality. If children write about experiences or feelings that are or can be shared by other children of their own age, their poems have universality.
7. Unity. Children can be taught that a poem, like a paragraph, should be about one subject, should maintain one point of view throughout, and should not mix rhythms and patterns.
8. Rhythm. Rhythm in the poetry of children may be simple, but there must be some sort of rhythm, either patterned or cadenced, if the poems are to have poetic significance. Chopped-up prose will not do. Free verse must be cadenced, and the cadences must be recognizable when read aloud.

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[1] From LET THEM WRITE POETRY, by Nina Willis Walter, copyright (c) 1962 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. All rights reserved.

9. Accuracy. Accuracy in the use of words is taken for granted in the poetry of adults, but must be listed as a qualification of good poetry by children. A poem should be grammatically correct, should use words accurately and consistently, and should avoid clichés, inversions, contractions, and poeticisms. It must be intelligible.
10. Artistic Significance. A child's work has artistic significance if it shows originality, an awareness of truth or beauty or significance, an attempt at patterning, and sincerity of feeling.

If a child's poem has even one of the characteristics of poetry as outlined by Mrs. Walter, it indicates the poetic spirit at work, and it should be saved. It may be a scrawled sentence or two, poorly spelled, with no attempt at line division; but if there is original thought, one should offer the kind of encouragement that will enable the child to select the original part and build a real poem around it.

A teacher who is interested in helping her students to develop the ability to express themselves creatively may profit from reading the following:

Nina Willis Walter	Let Them Write Poetry
Hughes Mearns	Creative Power
Wann, Dorn and Liddle	Fostering Intellectual Development in Young Children
Flora J. Arnstein	Poetry in the Elementary Classroom

C. Choral Reading

Choral reading contributes not only to the child's appreciation of poetry but also to the development of certain desirable elements of personality. It can stimulate self-expression in the child to a degree rarely achieved in his ordinary daily activities with playmates. Choral reading gives the timid child an opportunity to lose himself in the group; he experiences the same enjoyment that an adult does who happily joins community singing, although he would never sing alone. The aggressive child and the exhibitionist learn to act with the group and thus to gain better cooperation.

When verses already known are used, the teacher has only to assign the various lines or parts to different individuals or groups. New verses do not present any great problem because memorization is easily accomplished even by those in the first three grades. Usually reading the poem aloud to the pupils a few times will suffice. All verse speaking should be in unison at first. After the pupils are familiar with the new poem, parts may be assigned.

A solo provides a single voice for an individual speaker in the poem; it is well suited to emphasize the meaning of a particular line, the introduction of a new thought. It can call attention to a subdued word, phrase or sentence, or express sincere feeling or mock seriousness. Because it is single, it also allows a number of students to express themselves individually. The teacher may participate should the need arise.

If the class is too large for solo work, grouping may be employed. The teacher can group by rows or divide the class into duos, trios, quartets, quintets and so forth. However, in a class consisting of both boys and girls, it might be well to assign the minor key parts (those more or less subdued) to the girls and the more vigorous and aggressive parts to the boys.

Poetry has been spoken or chanted by groups of people for many centuries. Greek drama depended on the chorus to advance the plot of the play. American Indians use a form of choral response in their various chants. May Hill Arbuthnot in Children and Books has a good chapter (Chapter 10) on Verse Choirs. She explains in detail how to organize choral groups and how to adapt poems for these groups. Rosalind Hughes in Let's Enjoy Poetry has cast many poems for use in choral groups; she has also included many suggestions for the teacher for using poems.

Suggested arrangements for some poems suitable for choral reading follow:

SOME ONE [1]

by Walter de la Mare

[Girl] Some one came knocking
[Boy] At my wee, small door;
[Boys] Some one came knocking,
[Girls] I'm sure--sure--sure;
[Solo 1] I listened, I opened
[Solo 1] I looked to left and right,
[All] But nought there was a-stirring
[Solo 2] In the still dark night;
[Girls] Only the busy beetle
[Solo 3] Tap-tapping in the wall,

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[1] Included by permission of The Literary Trustees of Walter de la Mare and The Society of Authors as their representative.

[Boys] Only from the forest
[Solo 4] The screech-owl's call,
[Solo 5] Only the cricket whistling
[Girls] While the dew drops fall,
[All] So I know not who came knocking,
[Boys] At all, at all, at all.

GIRLS' NAMES [1]

by Eleanor Farjeon

[All] What lovely names for girls there are!
[Medium] There's Stella like the Evening Star,
[High] And Sylvia like a rustling tree,
[Low] And Lola like a melody,
[Medium] And Flora like a flowery morn,
[High] And Sheila like a field of corn
[Low] And Melusiana like the moan
[All] Of water. And there's Joan like Joan.

THE GOBLIN[2]

by Rose Fyleman

[High] A goblin lives in <u>our</u> house, in <u>our</u> house, in <u>our</u> house,
A goblin lives in <u>our</u> house all the year round.
[Low] He bumps
And he jumps
And he thumps
And he stumps.
[Medium] He knocks
And he rocks
And he rattles at the locks

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1 "Girls' Names" is from POEMS FOR CHILDREN by Eleanor Farjeon. Copyright 1933, (C) 1961 by Eleanor Farjeon. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

2 "The Goblin" is from PICTURE RHYMES FROM FOREIGN LANDS by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1935, (C) 1963 by Rose Fyleman. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

[High] A goblin lives in our house, in our house, in our house,
[All] A goblin lives in our house all the year round.

HIPPITY HOP TO BED[1]

by Leroy F. Jackson

[All] O it's hippity hop to bed!
[Solo 1] I'd rather sit up instead.
[Solo 2] But when father says "must,"
[All] There's nothing but just
Go hippity hop to bed.

BOYS' NAMES[2]

by Eleanor Farjeon

[All] What splendid names for boys there are!
[Medium] There's Carol like a rolling car,
[High] And Martin like a flying bird,
[Low] And Adam like the Lord's first work,
[Medium] And Raymond like the harvest moon,
[High] And Peter like a piper's tune,
[Low] And Alan like the flowing on of water.
And there's John like John.

Other poems suitable for choral reading are found in May Hill Arbuthnot's Time for Poetry:

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1 This poem by Leroy F. Jackson is taken from THE PETER PATTER BOOK, published by Rand McNally & Company, 1918.

2 "Boys' Names" is from POEMS FOR CHILDREN by Eleanor Farjeon. Copyright 1933, (C) 1961 by Eleanor Farjeon. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

*Vachel Lindsay	"The Mysterious Cat," "The Little Turtle"
*A. A. Milne	"Hoppity"
*Walter de la Mare	"Sleepyhead"
Harold Munro	"Overheard on a Saltmarsh"
Christina Rossetti	"What is Pink?"
Carl Sandburg	"Fog"
Robert Louis Stevenson	"The Wind"

D. Extended Activities

1. Additional biographical study of poets and study of the trends of poetry during their lifetimes will prove both valuable and interesting. As poetry reveals something of the poet (his interests, his ideas, and his attitudes), so in turn will a knowledge of the poet's life and the age in which he lived enhance one's understanding of his poetry, especially those poems which are less revealing in themselves. Individual pupils or perhaps small groups might work on different poets, later sharing their findings with the entire class during a report and discussion period. However, biographical research by the pupils should perhaps be limited to the upper grades. Pupils should be discouraged from reporting on poets of only slight stature.

2. Artistic interpretations should be wholly that--artistic endeavors expressing the children's feelings for the poem and their understanding of thoughts expressed therein. Painting, modeling, sketching, making dioramas, modern interpretive dancing, setting a poem to music are suggested types of interpretation.

3. The usefulness and value of supplementary recordings, radio and television broadcasts and films is considerable; but such material should be carefully selected and prepared for. For example, if the children are to listen to a recording of poems being read by the poet himself, some background about the author should be introduced.

   Many good recordings of poetry are available. (A selected bibliography of poetry recordings appears in the general

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* Many other poems written by the authors whose names are starred are especially suitable for choral reading. It would be worthwhile for the teacher to look through collections of poems written by these authors.

bibliography for this packet.) Teachers may want to play the same recording several times in succession in order that the children may sense the rhythm and style of the poetry. Copies of some of the poems should be given to the children. After having them track silently, allow them to read orally along with the recording. Point out to the pupils how the reader conveys the subtleties of meaning through stress, pitch and pause.

E. Sample Lesson Plans

The following sample lesson plans are intended to be just that, samples or suggestions, and nothing more. They are not guides to be rigidly adhered to but outlines to be expanded upon or altered to meet the demands of the individual teaching situation.

Since the lesson plans are intended only as thought-provoking samples, they have been selected more for their variety than for their consistency. And even though each plan has been tailored to a specific poem and to a specific grade level, much of the material included in each plan applies to poetry and the teaching of poetry in general. Thus, the greater part of the material included in these plans may prove interchangeable. (If the poem is not reproduced in the unit, it can be found in May Hill Arbuthnot's Time for Poetry.)

Grade 1:

Sample Lesson Plan for teaching Rose Fyleman's "Mice"

Objectives:

1. To help build the foundation for the children's enjoyment of literature.
2. To help children enjoy and appreciate this particular selection.
3. To promote awareness of and appreciation for the beauty in commonplace objects and events.

Presentation:

1. Ask the children to sit very still and listen for a few seconds. What do they hear? If it were night and all the house were quiet, what might they hear? Mice? Do they like to hear mice? Do they think mice are cute? Let's try to describe mice, their looks, their antics.
2. You have found a poem that you think they will enjoy.

3. Present the poem, reading slowly and with expression.
4. Follow with discussion. Decide whether or not the author likes mice. How do we know? Do they like mice? Why don't mothers like mice?
5. Read the poem again.
6. If the children are enjoying the activity, read the poem again, this time asking them to fill in the rhyming words.

Grade 2:

Sample Lesson Plan for teaching Beatrice Curtis Brown's "Jonathan Bing"

Objectives:

1. Poetry should form a natural part of the children's day; it should not be presented under the pressure of strictly limited time or a rushed schedule.
2. Children should be able to relax and enjoy the humor and beauty which poetry and the sharing of poetry affords.
3. Frequently poetry lessons are more successful if the children have been allowed to gather closely around the teacher.
4. "Jonathan Bing" works naturally into the "adventure story" unit, The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins. The story and the poem should be compared; their likenesses and differences discussed. Parallel incidents appear in the two and should be pointed out. They are:

   a. Jonathan goes to see the king. Bartholomew meets the king.
   b. Jonathan is sent home for more clothes. Bartholomew is told to remove some, namely his hat.
   c. Both return home.

Presentation:

1. Read the poem to the children.
2. Discuss the poem. Have the children close their eyes and try to visualize Jonathan as he tries unsuccessfully to see the king. Has anyone had an experience similar to Jonathan's? How do they think Jonathan went to visit the king?
3. Have the children write or tell why they think Jonathan set out to see the king.
4. Have them do a pictorial sequence of Jonathan's adventures.

Grade 3:

Sample Lesson Plan for teaching William D. Sargent's "Wind-Wolves"

Objectives:

1. To broaden the children's knowledge of the uses and the possibilities of language, in particular the use of figurative language.
2. To point out and promote an interest and delight in the poet's ability to paint word-pictures in the reader's mind by using figurative language, metaphor, simile, or personification. (This poem is an "extended metaphor.")
3. To promote the precise use of language and the use of concrete words, and to point out the dividends such usage pays in terms of clarity or the ability to communicate.
4. To promote articulation between the various third grade units; this poem may be related to the "animal story" unit, The Blind Colt.

Presentation:

1. Begin presentation by asking the children whether they have ever read or heard a poem that was written so that it allowed them to see with the eyes and think with the mind of the poet. Ask them what there was in these poems that allowed them to do this or made them feel as though they were doing it. Introduce the concepts of metaphor and imagery. Point out the use of words of sight, taste, smell, hearing and movement.
2. Read "Wind-Wolves" and ask the children whether they agree with the poet's metaphor, whether they can hear and visualize the wind as the poet does.
3. Reread the poem and ask the children to pick out the words that enable them to hear and visualize the wind as a pack of wolves hunting across the sky. These are the words that paint the picture, that produce an image in their minds.
4. Ask the children to recall times when they have assigned life and form to inanimate things of nature or have assigned human characteristics to animals.
5. Reread the poem asking the children to join in speaking the parts they remember.
6. Reread and refer to the poem throughout the year; use it as a point of reference when presenting similar but more complex materials.

Grade 4:

Sample Lesson Plan for teaching Margaret Widdemer's "The Secret Cavern"

Objectives:

1. To introduce the poetry of introspection.
2. To point out how the speaker's character is revealed through the imaginative experience of the poem.
3. To lead the child to introspect, i.e., to reason about himself, his desires, his imaginative experiences, his actions.
4. To indicate to the child the close affinity that usually exists between his natural desires (his likes and dislikes), his imagined experiences and his actions.
5. To point out to the child that in many cases when his actions run counter to his desires and plans it is a result of his having thought (reasoned, intellectualized) about those planned courses of action, a result of his visualizing the actions and their consequences. He decided beforehand that the desired action would be wrong or unwise.

Presentation:

1. Introduction: Life would be quite dreary if we didn't have any pals or playmates, wouldn't it? I am sure I would be unhappy and lonely if I didn't have any friends. I like to be around people, but there are also times when I like to be alone. Sometimes when I am alone I like to read; sometimes I like to think; and sometimes I like to let my imagination wander. Perhaps some of you can tell me what you like to do when you are alone?
2. After the children respond, continue: I would like to read a poem to you about an adventurous boy who liked to let his imagination wander. See if you can tell why I think he is an adventurous boy.

THE SECRET CAVERN[1]

by Margaret Widdemer

Underneath the boardwalk, way, way back,
There's a splendid cavern, big and black--
If you want to get there, you must crawl
Underneath the posts and steps and all.
When I've finished paddling, there I go--
None of all the other children know!

There I keep my treasures in a box--
Shells and colored glass and queer-shaped rocks,
In a secret hiding-place I've made,
Hollowed out with clamshells and a spade,
Marked with yellow pebbles in a row--
None of all the other children know!

It's a place that makes a splendid lair,
Room for chests and weapons and one chair.
In the farthest corner, by the stones,
I shall have a flag with skulls and bones
And a lamp that casts a lurid glow--
None of all the other children know!

Some time, by and by, when I am grown,
I shall go and live there all alone;
I shall dig and paddle till it's dark,
Then go out and man my pirate bark:
I shall fill my cave with captive foe--
None of all the other children know!

3. Discussion: Now can any of you tell me why I think he is an adventurous boy? (Responses will probably be related to the dark cavern. If children are unfamiliar with the word "cavern," explain its similarity to "cave." The children may suggest the "treasures," "chests," "weapons," "flag with skulls and bones" and the "pirate bark.")
4. Why do you suppose there is just one chair? (The boy wanted this as his very own secret place.)

---

[1] From LITTLE GIRL AND BOY LAND by Margaret Widdemer, copyright, 1924, by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.; renewed, 1952, by Margaret Widdemer. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

5. Do you think he truly wants to live there all alone when he is grown? What tells us in the poem that he really does like to be around other people? (He is going to fill the cave with "captive foe.")
6. I am going to read the poem again, and this time I want you to notice what kinds of pictures the poem helps you to see. (Read the poem again. Children often close their eyes while creating images. The atmosphere must be such that the children are relaxed and feel free to close their eyes or put their heads on their desks, if they wish.)
7. Now let's talk about the mental pictures the poem helped us to see. (The children will probably describe the cave, the colorful treasures, and so forth. Try to elicit responses about the feelings they experienced while listening. Girls, especially, may think the dark cave seems "spooky." The sensation of "dampness" may also be mentioned by the children. The sound of the paddle of the boat as it swishes in the water is a possible response.) At this point the children may be eager to paint or draw the scenes which you and they have pictured.)
8. Creative writing: Just think of all the pictures and feelings we have been talking about. By choosing certain words the poet was able to help us see these pictures. Let's see if we can think of a picture we might like to paint using words. We've had so many good ideas about the poem, about secret places and being alone that I think we would all enjoy painting some pictures with words. You might like to describe a place you know--a cave, a tree-house, a quiet place or perhaps your own room. We will need two sheets of paper. We will call one our "Idea Paper." We will jot down on this paper ideas that come to our minds. Then we may want to think about our ideas for awhile and decide how we'd like to put them together. Some of you may want to write a paragraph that will make a picture for us, or help us to "hear" certain sounds. Some of you may want to write a poem using your ideas. Perhaps some of you already have a short story in mind. I see that everyone has his "brush" (holding up pencil) and his "canvas" ready (hold up paper), so let's start "painting." (The teacher who takes this time to write creatively along with the children will see many satisfying results. The experience seems to become more enjoyable and worthwhile to the children when the teacher is writing also. After their poems or paragraphs are finished, the children may want to exchange papers for proof-reading or to

form into small groups to read them aloud. Compositions could be recopied for a bulletin board or a composition booklet. The central objective is to make certain the experience has been enjoyable for the children and that they feel their compositions are noteworthy.)

Grade 5:

Sample Lesson Plan for teaching Rosemary Carr and Stephen Vincent Benét's "Abraham Lincoln 1809-1865"

Objectives:

1. To acquaint pupils with the fact that there exists a great and growing body of poetry celebrating heroes of the past. Some of these poems are quite good, yet many are only the products of good will and enthusiasm. Therefore, pupils should begin to discriminate early between "good poetry" and the "poetry of good intentions." However, the teacher must not place a direct value judgment of "good" or "bad" on any poem but should lead the class to see for themselves the differences in presentation of different poets.
2. To impress upon the pupils the "economy of poetry," i.e., to point out to them that successful poetry captures the essence of a thing or a person in a few lines, while in many instances straightforward prose will require a number of pages to achieve the same result.

Presentation:

1. The presentation of this poem would, of course, be particularly suitable for the month of February; at this time there is usually a bulletin board or other activity concerning the life of Lincoln.
2. Before reading the poem it might be well to review Lincoln's life briefly. A discussion, with pictures illustrating the various aspects of frontier life, would be helpful.
3. Read the poem; reread it if necessary.
4. Discuss the poem. Is this a poem praising Lincoln? (Yes.) How do we know? (The last two lines of the poem make this clear.) What characteristics of Lincoln that you already know are expressed in the poem? What are some characteristics that you did not know before? What

characteristics do you think the poem expresses particularly well? Do you think that they are better expressed because they are set down in verse rather than prose? Do you think that the versification, especially the meter, of the poem has anything to do with the meaning it conveys? (Point out that Lincoln was a humble yet sly and humorous man and that this is a humble yet sly and humorous poem. This is a poem that Lincoln himself might have written about someone he liked and approved of. The poem contains the kind of honest, simple, humorous praise that Lincoln himself might have bestowed instead of the empty abstractions found in many poems about heroes. Point out that the versification and vocabulary of the poem fit the character of Lincoln, that the lines are short and simple but pithy, and that the vocabulary is simple, concrete and precise. Point out that this is not only a poem <u>about</u> Lincoln but also a poem <u>like</u> Lincoln.)

5. Choral reading may follow. Give each pupil a copy of the poem. Then read the poem to them so that they become familiar with its rhythm. Read the poem again, this time asking the children to read with you. Special attention should be given to clarity and accuracy in speaking and in the expression of meaning. Avoid a sing-song chant.

IV. ANTHOLOGY

Note: The selections are arranged by subject, with the simplest poems at the beginning and the most difficult at the end of each lettered division.

A. A Green Thought in a Green Shade

--Andrew Marvell

These poems deal with the external world, with rocks and trees, mountains, weather, flowers, and the country. This section may be used with particular effectiveness in connection with stories about journeys through the country, about western America, or about anything in which the great outdoors is important. Children are sensitive to the joys of nature--perhaps their pleasure in them can be extended to a pleasure in poetry about them if the teacher enjoys what she reads to them. The remarks about the image are relevant to this section. Children move to metaphor as they struggle to say what they do not have vocabulary to say--as they struggle to communicate precise observations through analogy. The poetry in this section is likely to be more effective if the teacher has recorded the images children make to record "green thoughts" of "green shades."

THE SAILOR OF LEAVES[1]

by Frances Frost

The leaves come blowing
Gold and red,
Like small bright sails
Above my head.

---

[1] From THE LITTLE WHISTLER by Frances Frost. Copyright, 1949. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Used by permission.

On my way home
From school, I smell
The crisp piled leaves,
Where color fell,

And scuffle, shouting,
Down the road--
A ship with laughter
For a load,

Wearing for sails,
Stuck out and clear,
A scarlet leaf
Behind each ear!

LITTLE RAIN[1]

by Elizabeth Madox Roberts

When I was making myself a game
Up in the garden, a little rain came.

It fell down quick in a sort of rush,
And I crawled back under the snowball bush.

I could hear the big drops hit the ground
And see little puddles of dust fly round.

A chicken came till the rain was gone;
He had just a very few feathers on.

He shivered a little under his skin,
And then he shut his eyeballs in.

Even after the rain had begun to hush
It kept on raining up in the bush.

One big flat drop came sliding down,
And a ladybug that was red and brown

Was up on a little stem waiting there
And I got some rain in my hair.

---

1 From UNDER THE TREE by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Copyright 1922 by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1950 by Ivor S. Roberts. Reprinted by the permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

FOG IN THE PARK[1]

by Rowena Bastin Bennett

The fog's a fuzzy caterpillar
Crawling through the park.
It creeps and crawls on everything
And turns the day to dark.
It makes the bright and shining sun
As pale as any moon
And all around the quiet trees
It spins a gray cocoon.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

by George Cooper

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day.
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the day grown cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

---

1 From SONGS FROM AROUND A TOADSTOOL TABLE by Rowena Bastin Bennett, copyright 1930, 1937, 1965. By courtesy of author and publisher.

PANSIES[1]

by Margaret Wise Brown

Pansies are little monkey flowers
Making faces by the hours,
Purple and yellow
And blue and white,
Deep dark pansies the color of night,
Faces of children
And faces of elves
Making faces at themselves,
Faces of witches
And faces of gnomes,
That come by candlelight
Into the homes.
Pansy faces of velvet dreams
And butterfly wings and green moonbeams
Making faces in sunlit showers,
Pansies, the little monkey flowers.

MOUNTAINS[2]

by Ann Nolan Clark

Mountains are the high places;
They reach up and up
To the blue-blue above.

They stand around us,
Looking down at the people.

I like to know
That mountains are there,
Around me
So quiet,
So big
And so high.

---

1 Reprinted by permission from WONDERFUL STORY BOOK by Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by J. P. Miller. (c) Copyright 1948 by Golden Press, Inc.

2 From IN MY MOTHER'S HOUSE by Ann Nolan Clark. Copyright 1941 by Ann Nolan Clark. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

Trees grow on mountains;
I have seen them
Growing.

I have seen great rocks
Hanging on mountains;
They do not want to fall.

All things like mountains.
In summer
The rains stay there,

And only sometimes
Do they come down
To my Father's fields.

And snow
Would rather be on mountains
I think,
Because it is so slow
To go away from them.

The sun likes mountains, too;
He paints them first
When he comes in the morning.

And at night
When the sun goes away
And hides from me,
He still looks back,

For I can see his colors
On the mountains.

PUSSY WILLOWS[1]

by Rowena Bastin Bennett

I came on them yesterday (merely by chance)
Those newly born pussies, asleep on a branch;
Each curled up so tight in a fluff of a ball
That I could not see ear-points nor tail-tips at all;
But I thought that I heard when the March wind was stirring
A soft little sound like the note of purring.
I wonder if they would have leaped from their bough
And arched their wee backs with a frightened "Meow!"
If I dared to tell them in one warning cry
That a fierce patch of dogwood was growing close by.

STRANGE TREE[2]

by Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Away beyond the Jarboe house
    I saw a different kind of tree.
Its trunk was old and large and bent,
    And I could feel it look at me.

The road was going on and on
    Beyond to reach some other place.
I saw a tree that looked at me,
    And yet it did not have a face.

It looked at me with all its limbs;
    It looked at me with all its bark.
The yellow wrinkles on its sides
    Were bent and dark.

---

1 From SONGS FROM AROUND A TOADSTOOL TABLE by Rowena Bastin Bennett, copyright 1930, 1937, 1965. By courtesy of author and publisher.

2 From UNDER THE TREE by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Copyright 1922 by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1950 by Ivor S. Roberts. Reprinted by the permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

And then I ran to get away,
  But when I stopped and turned to see,
The tree was bending to the side
  And leaning out to look at me.

TO VEGETATE--[1]

by Ralph Hodgson

To vegetate
's to live at a terrific rate:
Pinks drudge like slaves: a lotus lives
A navvie's life: a hazel nut
's a power-house: a runner bean
A rope-walk; it's the grind to grow
As much as slaving in the heat
That throws a sunflower into sweat;
'Pity, but it has to go'--
Lilies do toil;
From a bed of phlox in blow,
Butterflies work as hard as bees.

CHECK[2]

by James Stephens

The Night was creeping on the ground!
She crept, and did not make a sound

Until she reached the tree: And then
She covered it, and stole again

Along the grass beside the wall!
I heard the rustling of her shawl

---

1 From COLLECTED POEMS by Ralph Hodgson, published by St. Martin's Press, Inc. Reproduced by permission.

2 From James Stephens, COLLECTED POEMS, The Macmillan Company. Copyright 1954 by The Macmillan Company. Copyright 1954 by Cynthia Stephens. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

As she threw blackness everywhere,
Along the sky, the ground, the air,

And in the room where I was hid!
But, no matter what she did

To everything that was without,
She could not put my candle out!

So I stared at the Night! And she
Stared back solemnly at me!

THE NIGHT WILL NEVER STAY[1]

by Eleanor Farjeon

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky.
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

THE FIRST DANDELION

from Walt Whitman, Sands at Seventy

Simple and fresh and fair from winter's close emerging,
As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics, had ever been,
Forth from its sunny nook of shelter'd grass--innocent, golden,
calm as the dawn,
The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.

---

[1] "The Night Will Never Stay" is from POEMS FOR CHILDREN by Eleanor Farjeon. Copyright, 1951, by Eleanor Farjeon. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

SONG

by Christina Rossetti

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember
And haply may forget.

"FALL, LEAVES, FALL . . ."

by Emily Brontë

Fall, leaves, fall; die, flowers, away:
Lengthen night and shorten day;
Every leaf speaks bliss to me
Fluttering from the autumn tree.
I shall smile when wreaths of snow
Blossom where the rose should grow;
I shall sing when night's decay
Ushers in a drearier day.

THE CLOUD

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
  The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
  As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
  And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
  And laugh as I pass in thunder.

FLOWER CHORUS[1]

by Ralph Waldo Emerson

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called 'Ho, there, ho!'
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whisperings to and fro!
'Are you ready?' the Snowdrop asked,
'Tis time to start, you know.'
'Almost, my dear!' the Scilla replied,
'I'll follow as soon as you go.'
Then 'Ha! ha! ha!' a chorus came
Of laughter sweet and low
Of millions of flowers under the ground
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

'I'll promise my blossoms,' the Crocus said
'When I hear the blackbird sing.'
'And straight thereafter,' Narcissus cried,
'My silver and gold I'll bring.'
'And ere they are dulled,' another spoke,
'The hyacinth bells shall ring.'
But the Violet only murmured 'I'm here,'
And sweet grew the air of the spring.
Then 'Ha! ha! ha!' a chorus came
Of laughter sweet and low
Of millions of flowers under the ground,
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

---

[1] By courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

SONG

by Canon Richard Dixon

The feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty are the rushes
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer
The robin pipeth now.

MY PRAIRIES

by Hamlin Garland

I love my prairies, they are mine
From zenith to horizon line,
Clipping a world of sky and sod
Like the bended arm and wrist of God.

I love their grasses. The skies
Are larger, and my restless eyes
Fasten on more of earth and air
Than seashore furnishes anywhere.

I love the hazel thickets; and the breeze,
The never resting prairie winds. The trees
That stand like spear points high
Against the dark blue sky

Are wonderful to me. I love the gold
Of newly shaven stubble, rolled
A royal carpet toward the sun, fit to be
The pathway of a deity.

I love the life of pasture lands; the songs of birds
Are not more thrilling to me than the herd's
Mad bellowing or the shadow stride
Of mounted herdsmen at my side.

I love my prairies, they are mine
From high sun to horizon line.
The mountains and the cold gray sea
Are not for me, are not for me.

THE GIFT OUTRIGHT[1]

by Robert Frost

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people. She was ours
In Massachusetts, in Virginia;
But we were England's, still colonials,
Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,
Possessed by what we now no more possessed.
Something we were withholding made us weak
Until we found out that it was ourselves
We were withholding from our land of living,
And forthwith found salvation in surrender.
Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
(The deed of gift was many deeds of war)
To the land vaguely realizing westward,
But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced,
Such as she was, such as she would become.

---

[1] From COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST. Copyright 1942 by Robert Frost. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

B. Cuckoo, Jug, Jug, Pee Wee, To Witta Woo

--Thomas Nashe

These poems are fanciful or even nonsense verse. They may be used in connection with fanciful stories and with verbal games. The whole point of this section is to be amusing to children. These poems will fall flat unless read with verve and enthusiasm for their sounds and humor. One should not read the poems as if they were silly poems; a child's sense of logic is different from an adult's, as Piaget and common sense tell us, and a child may feel that the logic of a nonsense poem is "his kind of logic"--that an adult who reads a poem as silly is making fun of him. Read the poems with a straight face and verve, and let the perception of nonsense, if it comes at all, come from the children. The cow did jump over the moon, after all.

GOOD NIGHT

by Thomas Hood

Here's a body--there's a bed!
There's a pillow--here's a head!
There's a curtain--here's a light!
There's a puff--and so good night!

WHISTLES[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

I want to learn to whistle,
I've always wanted to.
I fix my mouth to do it, but
The whistle won't come through.

I think perhaps it's stuck, and so
I try it once again.
Can people swallow whistles?
Where is my whistle then?

THE LITTLE HOUSE[2]

by Elizabeth Godley

In a great big wood in a great big tree
There's the nicest little house that could possibly be.

There's a tiny little knocker on the tiny little door,
And a tiny little carpet on the tiny little floor;

There's a tiny little table, and a tiny little bed,
And a tiny little pillow for a tiny weeny head;

A tiny little blanket, and a tiny little sheet,
And a tiny water bottle (hot) for tiny little feet.

A tiny little eiderdown; a tiny little chair;
And a tiny little kettle for the owner (when he's there).

In a tiny little larder there's a tiny thermos bottle
For a tiny little greedy man who knows the Woods of Pottle.

---

1 Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1927, 1928 by Dorothy Aldis.

2 From GREEN OUTSIDE by Elizabeth Godley. Copyright 1932 by The Viking Press, Inc., 1959 by Mrs. K. M. Komierowska. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

There's a tiny little peg for a tiny little hat
And a tiny little dog and a tiny tiny cat.

If you've got a little house and you keep it spick and span,
Perhaps there'll come to live in it a tiny little man.

You may not ever see him (He is extremely shy):
But if you find a crumpled sheet,
Or pins upon the window seat,
Or see the marks of tiny feet
You'll know the reason why.

ROSY APPLE, LEMON, OR PEAR

--children's counting rhyme

Rosy apple, lemon, or pear,
Bunch of roses she shall wear;
Gold and silver by her side,
I know who will be the bride.
Take her by her lily-white hand,
Lead her to the altar;
Give her kisses,--one, two, three,--
Mother's runaway daughter.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE[1]

by Eugene Field

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

---

[1] "The Sugar-Plum Tree" from POEMS OF CHILDHOOD by Eugene Field. Charles Scribner's Sons (1904).

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below--
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest,
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground--
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to the Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

GROWING[1]

by Frances Frost

On the wall beside the kitchen door
Are marks that measure how I grow.
I was that high when I was four--
And now I'm three years higher! So,
If I keep sprouting up the wall
And have to wear a giant's clothes,
How will my pup, if I'm so tall,
Reach up to kiss me on the nose?

---

[1] From THE LITTLE WHISTLER by Frances Frost. Copyright, 1949. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Used by permission.

SINGING

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Of speckled eggs the birdies sing
In nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

MARY MIDDLING[1]

by Rose Fyleman

Mary Middling had a pig,
Not very little and not very big,
Not very pink, not very green,
Not very dirty, not very clean,
Not very good, not very naughty,
Not very humble, not very haughty,
Not very thin, not very fat;
Now what would you give for a pig like that?

PRECOCIOUS PIGGY

by Thomas Hood

"Where are you going, you little pig?"
"I'm leaving my mother, I'm growing so big!"
"So big, young pig,
So young, so big,
What, leaving your mother, you foolish young pig!"

---

1 From FIFTY-ONE NEW NURSERY RHYMES. Copyright 1923 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

"Where are you going, you little pig?"
"I've got a new spade, and I'm going to dig."
"To dig, little pig?
A little pig dig!
Well, I never saw a pig with a spade that could dig."

"Where are you going, you little pig?"
"Why, I'm going to have a nice ride in a gig!"
"In a gig, little pig?
What a pig in a gig!
Well, I never saw a pig in a gig."

"Where are you going, you little pig?"
"Well, I'm going to the ball to dance a fine jig!"
"A jig, little pig!
A pig dance a jig!
Well, I never before saw a pig dance a jig!"

"Where are you going, you little pig?"
"I'm going to the fair to run a fine rig."
"A rig, little pig!
A pig run a rig!
Well, I never before saw a pig run a rig!"

"Where are you going, you little pig?"
"I'm going to the barber's to buy me a wig!"
"A wig, little pig!
A pig in a wig!
Why, whoever before saw a pig in a wig!"

THREE YOUNG RATS[1]

Anonymous

Three young rats with black felt hats,
Three young ducks with white straw flats,
Three young dogs with circling tails,
Three young cats with demi-veils,
Went out to walk with two young pigs
In satin vests and sorrel wigs;
But suddenly it chanced to rain,
And so they all went home again.

---

[1] Reprinted from THE ILLUSTRATED TREASURY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE edited by Margaret E. Martignoni, , published by Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.

FIRST THINGS FIRST[1]

by Leland B. Jacobs

A comes first, then B and C,
One comes first, then two and three,
First things first.

Puppy first, and then the dog,
Tadpole first, and then the frog,
First things first.

First the seed, and then the tree,
That's the way it had to be,
First things first.

I HAVE A YOUNG SISTER

Anonymous

I have a young sister
    Far beyond the sea;
Many are the keepsakes
    That she's sent me.

She sent me a cherry--
    It hadn't any stone,
And so she did a wood dove
    Withouten any bone.

She sent me a briar
    Withouten any rind;
She bade me love my sweetheart
    Withouten any longing in my mind.

---

[1] Copyright 1966 by Charles E. Merrill Books Inc. and Western Publishing Co. Inc.

How should any cherry
Be withouten stone?
And how should any wood dove
Be withouten bone?

How should any briar,
Be withouten rind?
And how love a sweetheart
Withouten longing in my mind?

When the cherry was a flower
Then it had no stone;
When the wood-dove was an egg
Then it had no bone.

When the briar was unbred
Then it had no rind;
And when a maid hath that she loves,
She longs not in her mind.

MR. NOBODY

Anonymous

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door
  By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
  To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
  That lying round you see
Are not our boots--they all belong
  To Mr. Nobody.

THE PIRATE COOK[1]

by Marchette Chute

Oh, once there was a pirate bold
Who thought that he could cook.
He knew just how to bake a cake--
He'd read it in a book.

He stirred it up, he stirred it down,
He stirred it carefully,
He cooked it in the cooking pot,
And served it up for tea.

The crew all took a hopeful bite
And then with one accord
They lifted up the pirate cook
And threw him overboard.

The cook was not so pleased at this,
Until with joy he found
That he could sit upon his cake
And paddle it around...

He paddled it, he paddled it,
He paddled night and day,
Until a porpoise came along
And carried it away.

"That only shows," the pirate said,
"That I know how to bake.
It is not usual for fish
To eat a currant cake.

"I knew that I was right," he said
And gently sank below,
And now he keeps a cooking school
To which the mermaids go.

NAUGHTY SOAP SONG[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

Just when I'm ready to
Start on my ears,
That is the time that my
Soap disappears.

It jumps from my fingers and
Slithers and slides
Down to the end of the
Tub, where it hides.

And acts in a most diso-
Bedient way
AND THAT'S WHY MY SOAP'S GROWING
THINNER EACH DAY.

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925, 1926, 1927 by Dorothy Aldis.

THE SECOND-HAND SHOP[1]

by Rowena Bastin Bennett

Down in the grasses
Where the grasshoppers hop
And the katydids quarrel
And the flutter-moths flop--
Down in the grasses
Where the beetle goes "plop"
An old withered fairy
Keeps a second-hand shop.

She sells lost thimbles
For fairy milk pails
And burnt-out matches
For fence posts and rails.
She sells stray marbles
To bowl on the green,
And bright scattered beads
For the crown of the queen.

Oh, don't feel badly
Over things that you lose
Like spin tops or whistles
Or dolls' buckled shoes;
They may be the things that
Fairy folk can use:
For down in the grasses
Where the grasshoppers hop
A withered old fairy
Keeps a second-hand shop.

---

1 From SONGS FROM AROUND A TOADSTOOL TABLE by Rowena Bastin Bennett, copyright 1930, 1937, 1965. By courtesy of publisher and author.

JONATHAN BING'S MANNERS[2]

by Beatrice Curtis Brown

Jonathan Bing takes off his hat
Whenever he meets a Tabby-cat;
Jonathan Bing bows down to his toes
Whenever he passes a sheep he knows;
Oh search from Paris to old Japan,
There's none so courtly as Jonathan!

I've seen him murmur a "how-d'you-do"
To a tired forsaken dancing-shoe
I've seen him lend his kandkerchief
To a watering-can that had come to grief;
I've seen him pat, without disdain,
An orphan goldfish who had a pain,
And he even lights a fire, I'm told,
To warm the air when the weather's cold.

So what does it matter if people say
That he eats his peas in a vulgar way,
Or opens his mouth, to yawn, so wide
That twenty chickens could roost inside?
Oh search from Paris to old Japan,
There's none so courtly as Jonathan!

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of Curtis Brown, Ltd. Copyright 1936 by Beatrice Curtis Brown, renewed 1964 Beatrice Curtis Brown.

REBECCA[1]

Who slammed Doors for Fun and Perished Miserably

by Hilaire Belloc

A trick that everyone abhors
In Little Girls is slamming Doors.
A Wealthy Banker's Little Daughter
Who lived in Palace Green, Bayswater
(By name Rebecca Offendort),
Was given to this Furious Sport.

She would deliberately go
And Slam the door like Billy-Ho!
To make her Uncle Jacob start.
She was not really bad at heart,
But only rather rude and wild:
She was an aggravating child. . . .

It happened that a Marble Bust
Of Abraham was standing just
Above the Door this little Lamb
Had carefully prepared to Slam,
And Down it came! It knocked her flat!
It laid her out! She looked like that.

. . . . . .

Her Funeral Sermon (which was long
And followed by a Sacred Song)
Mentioned her Virtues, it is true,
But dwelt upon her Vices too,
And showed the Dreadful End of One
Who goes and slams the door for Fun.

The children who were brought to hear
The awful Tale from far and near
Were much impressed, and inly swore
They never more would slam the Door.
--As often they had done before.

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of the publisher from CAUTIONARY VERSES by Hilaire Belloc. Published 1941 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

TOM AND HIS PONY, JACK[1]

by Hilaire Belloc

Tom had a little pony, Jack:
He vaulted lightly on its back
And galloped off for miles and miles,
A-leaping hedges, gates and stiles,
And shouting "Yoicks!" and "Tally-Ho!"
And "Heads I win!" and "Tails below!"
And many another sporting phrase.
He rode like this for several days,
Until the pony, feeling tired,
Collapsed, looked heavenward and expired.
His father made a fearful row.
He said "By Gum, you've done it now!
Here lies--a carcase on the ground--
No less than five and twenty pound!
Indeed the value of the beast
Would probably have much increased.
His teeth were false; and all were told
That he was only four years old.
Oh! Curse it all! I tell you plain
I'll never let you ride again."

MORAL

His father died when he was twenty
And left three horses, which is plenty.

THE GREEN GRASS GROWING ALL AROUND

Anonymous

There was a tree stood in the ground,
The prettiest tree you ever did see;
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.
And the green grass growing all around.

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of the publisher from CAUTIONARY VERSES by Hilaire Belloc. Published 1941 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

And on this tree there was a limb,
The prettiest limb you ever did see;
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this limb there was a bough,
The prettiest bough you ever did see;
The bough on the limb, and the limb on the tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.
And the green grass growing all around.

Now on this bough there was a nest,
The prettiest nest you ever did see;
The nest on the bough, and the bough on the limb,
The bough on the limb, and the limb on the tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.
And the green grass growing all around.

And in the nest there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs you ever did see;
Eggs in the nest, and the nest on the bough,
The nest on the bough, and the bough on the limb,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.
And the green grass growing all around.

THIS IS THE KEY

--counting out rhyme

This is the Key of the Kingdom:

In that Kingdom is a city;
In that city is a town;
In that town there is a street;
In that street there winds a lane;
In that lane there is a yard;
In that yard there is a house;
In that house there waits a room;

In that room an empty bed;
And on that bed a basket--
A Basket of Sweet Flowers:
Of Flowers, of Flowers;
A Basket of Sweet Flowers.

Flowers in a Basket;
Basket on the bed;
Bed in the chamber;
Chamber in the house;
House in the weedy yard;
Yard in the winding lane;
Lane in the broad street;
Street in the high town;
Town in the city;
City in the Kingdom--
This is the Key of the Kingdom;
Of the Kingdom this is the Key.

C. My Splendours Are Menagerie

--Emily Dickinson

These poems are about animals, and relate to animal stories, fables, and some of the myth units. Many children will be charmed by the sentiments in these poems even if poetry as such is not attractive to them. For classes who are suspicious or indifferent about poetry, this section may be used as a persuasive introduction to verse merely by slipping an appropriate poem from it into a discussion about pets or about an animal story the children have enjoyed. The temptation will probably be to oversentimentalize, to make the study of animal poetry part of the "grey, green, greasy Limpopo stream" of phony feeling about animals which we indulge with children and encourage them to indulge. Let the poem speak for its own feeling.

RADIATOR LIONS[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

George lives in an apartment and
His mother will not let
Him keep a dog or polliwog
Or rabbit for a pet.

So he has Radiator-Lions.
(The parlor is the zoo.)
They love to fight but will not bite
Unless he tells them to.

And days when it is very cold
And he can't go outdoors
They glower and they lower and they
Crouch upon all fours.

And roar most awful roarings and
Gurgle loud and mad.
Up their noses water goeses--
THAT'S what makes them bad.

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1927, 1928 by Dorothy Aldis.

But he loves Radiator-Lions!
He's glad, although they're wild,
He hasn't dogs and polliwogs
Like any other child!

THE LION[1]

by Hilaire Belloc

The Lion, the Lion, he dwells in the waste,
He has a big head and a very small waist;
But his shoulders are stark, and his jaws they are grim,
And a good little child will not play with him.

THE TIGER[1]

by Hilaire Belloc

The Tiger on the other hand, is kittenish and mild,
He makes a pretty playfellow for any little child;
And mothers of large families (who claim to common sense)
Will find a Tiger well repay the trouble and expense.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN

Anonymous

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap:
He lives on the best of fare.
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house;
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of the publisher from CAUTIONARY VERSES by Hilaire Belloc. Published 1941 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

SQUIRREL IN THE RAIN[1]

by Frances Frost

The young squirrel's mother said, "Come out!
See--it's raining all about!
Wet silver's falling from a cloud!
It's raining hard, it's raining loud!"

The little squirrel ran down the tree:
"It's splashing rain all over me!
It's raining here, it's raining there!
It's raining in the trees' green hair,
It's raining in the flowers' faces,
It's raining in the grassy places,
It's raining on my tail and nose
And on my middle, I suppose!
How wonderful of clouds to fly
And give young squirrels a drink of sky!"

THE PETS[2]

by Robert Farren

Colm had a cat,
and a wren,
and a fly.

The cat was a pet,
and the wren,
and the fly.

And it happened that the wren
ate the fly;
and it happened that the cat
ate the wren.

---

1 From THE LITTLE WHISTLER by Frances Frost. Copyright, 1949. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Used by permission.

2 From HOW TO ENJOY POETRY by Robert Farren, Copyright 1948, Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York.

Then the cat died.

So Saint Colm lacked a cat
and a wren,
and a fly,

so he prayed to get them back,
cat and wren;
and he prayed to get them back,
wren and fly.

And the cat became alive
and delivered up the wren;
and the wren became alive
and delivered up the fly;
and they all lived with Colm
till the day came to die.

First the cat died.
Then the wren died.
Then the fly.

WHO'S THERE?[1]

by Frances Frost

Somebody knocked
In the windless wood,
Insistent and loud.
Startled, I stood
Among steep pines
And looked around.
There was nothing
But snowy ground
And drifted tracks
Where deer had been.
Did somebody want
To get out or in?

---

[1] From THE LITTLE WHISTLER by Frances Frost. Copyright, 1949. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Used by permission.

Somebody knocked
Again and again.
I looked up
At the old birch then.
Three-toed he clung
Like a quizzical clown,
Gazing at me
Upside down--
A woodpecker trying
Not to grow thin,
Who wanted neither
Out nor in!

THE QUARRELSOME KITTENS

Anonymous

Two little kittens one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat,
"You'll have that mouse?
We'll see about that!"
"I will have that mouse," said the eldest son;
"You shan't have that mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go.
So they laid them down on the mat at the door
When the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better,
That stormy night
To lie down and sleep
Than to quarrel and fight.

RABBIT TALE[1]

by Rowena Bastin Bennett

A rabbit sat inside a hat.
He was not thin. He was not fat.
He nibbled this. He nibbled that.
He sat and sat and sat and sat.

There was a dog. There was a cat.
They saw the rabbit in the hat.
The rabbit said, "I don't like that."

He ran and ran, and found a log.
He hid from cat. He hid from dog.
He hid inside the hollow log.
And there he sat and sat and sat.

He said, "I'm safe from dog and cat.
I like this better than a hat."
And that was that.

SNAIL[2]

by Hilda Conkling

The snail is very odd and slow.
He has his mind made up to go
The longest way to anywhere
And will not let you steer him there.

Today I met one in the grass
And hadn't time to watch him pass,
But coming back at sunset, I
Discovered him still traveling by.

The grass-blades grew so thick and tall
I asked him why he climbed them all,
And told him I had sometimes found
The shortest way was going 'round.

---

1 From SONGS FROM AROUND A TOADSTOOL TABLE by Rowena Bastin Bennett, copyright 1930, 1937, 1965. By courtesy of publisher and author.

2 "Snail" from POEMS BY A LITTLE GIRL by Hilda Conkling. Copyright 1920, 1948 by Hilda Conkling. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

He was not easy to persuade,
To judge by any sign he made,
And when I lectured him some more
Went in his house and shut the door.

MOUSE HOLE CHORUS[1]

by Elizabeth Coatsworth

Rats are a great deal bigger,
And chipmunks are more gay,
But we are content with our tiny size
And our gowns of velvet gray.

And we are content with our little feet,
And our whiskers of delicate brown,
And our eyes, like shoe-buttons, shiny and black,
And the way our tails hang down.

WOOLLY LAMBKINS

by Christina Georgina Rossetti

On the grassy banks
Lambkins at their pranks;
Woolly sisters, woolly brothers,
Jumping off their feet,
While their woolly mothers
Watch by them and bleat.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG[2]

by Oliver Goldsmith

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;

---

1 "Mouse Hole Chorus," by Elizabeth Coatsworth; copyright 1951 by STORY PARADE, INC. Reprinted by permission.

2 Reprinted from ONE THOUSAND POEMS FOR CHILDREN by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist by permission of the publisher, Macrae Smith Company.

And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied:
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

THE FLOWER-FED BUFFALOES[1]

by Vachel Lindsay

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low:--
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
Is swept away by wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us, long ago.

CHUMS[2]

by Arthur Guiterman

He sits and begs, he gives a paw,
He is, as you can see,
The finest dog you ever saw,
And he belongs to me.

He follows everywhere I go
And even when I swim.
I laugh because he thinks, you know,
That I belong to him.

But still no matter what we do
We never have a fuss;
And so I guess it must be true
That we belong to us.

---

1 C 1923 by D. Appleton and Co., renewed 1951, used by Permission of Meredith Press.

2 From Child Life Magazine, Copyright 1941 by Rand McNally and Company. Published by permission of Mrs. Arthur Guiterman.

THE CREATURE BRONTOSAURUS[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

Over a hundred million
Centuries ago
Before the Rocky Mountains
Raised their heads of snow,
Making hard and nubbly
A land that once was swamps,
The creature Brontosaurus
Went on his ponderous romps.

His name means Thunder Reptile
But he couldn't make a sound
As over eighty feet of him
Went slithering around;
Poor fellow--how upsetting
It must have been to not
Be able to express himself
When sleepy, cross, or hot.

Even today we see them
Planted on old stones,
Even today they keep on finding
Brontosaurus bones
Which people in museums
Fit together till
The ancient age old creature
Rears up--bleak and still.

In all his mighty body
His brain weighed just one pound.
So maybe we're not missing much
Not having him around.
Perhaps his heart was big though.
Perhaps he shed a tear
For lack of laps to climb into
Or scratchings on the ear.

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from ALL TOGETHER by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925-1928, 1934, 1939, 1952, by Dorothy Aldis.

Forty tons of temper
Without a single whimp
You'd think would leave him feeling
A little long and limp.
But he just stamped the harder
Upon the sandy ground
And made those giant footsteps
That scientists have found.

THE DONKEY[1]

by G. K. Chesterton

When fishes flew and forests walk'd
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tatter'd outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

---

1 From the book THE WILD KNIGHT AND OTHER POEMS by G. K. Chesterton. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. and reprinted with their permission.

Two Selections from Platero and I[1]

by Juan Ramón Jiménez

I
PLATERO

Platero is small, downy, smooth--so soft to the touch that one would think he were all cotton, that he had no bones. Only the jet mirrors of his eyes are hard as two beetles of dark crystal.

I let him run loose and he goes off to the meadow; softly, scarcely touching them, he brushes his nose against the tiny flowers of pink, sky-blue and golden yellow. I call him gently: "Platero?" and he comes to me at a gay little trot as though he were laughing, lost in a clatter of fancy.

He eats everything I give him. He likes tangerines, muscatel grapes, all amber-colored, and purple figs with their crystal point of honey.

He is tender and loving as a little boy, as a little girl; but strong and firm as a stone. When I ride him the men from the country, clean-dressed and slow-moving, stand still to watch him.

"He is made of steel."

He is made of steel. Both steel and quick-silver.

VI
THE NURSERY SCHOOL

by Juan Ramón Jiménez

If you were to come with the rest of the children to First Grade, Platero, you would learn your alphabet and how to form your letters. You would be as wise as the donkey among the wax figures, the companion of the sea siren who, crowned with artificial flowers, appears through her glass case all fleshcolored, rose and gold, in her green element; and wiser than the doctor and the priest of Palos, Platero.

But though only four years old, how big and awkward you are! In what little chair would you sit, at what table would you write, what note-book and what pen would be large enough for you, where in the circle, tell me, would you sit to sing the Credo?

---

1 From the English translation by William H. and Mary M. Roberts, published in the Signet Classic Series of the New American Library.

No, Sister Domitila, in her robe of the sisterhood of Jesus of Nazareth, all purple with a yellow cord like that of Reyes, the fishmonger, would probably keep you for two hours on your knees in a corner of the patio with the plane trees, or would beat you with her long dry cane, or eat up the quince-cheese from your lunch, or hold a burning paper under your tail and turn your ears as red and hot as those of the wheel wright's son when it is going to rain.

No, Platero, no. Come along with me. I shall teach you about the flowers and the stars. They shall not laugh at you as at an overgrown dolt, nor shall they put on you, as if you were one of those things they call donkeys, the cap with large eyes bordered in bright red and blue like those on the river boats, and with ears twice the size of yours.

THE WOODMAN'S DOG

by William Cowper

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur--
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.

THE MICROBE[1]

by Hilaire Belloc

The Microbe is so very small
You cannot make him out at all,
But many sanguine people hope
To see him through a microscope.
His jointed tongue that lies beneath
A hundred curious rows of teeth;
His seven tufted tails with lots
Of lovely pink and purple spots,
On each of which a pattern stands,
Composed of forty separate bands;

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of the publisher from CAUTIONARY VERSES by Hilaire Belloc. Published 1941 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

His eyebrows of a tender green;
All these have never yet been seen--
But Scientists, who ought to know,
Assure us that they must be so . . . .
Oh! let us never, never doubt
What nobody is sure about!

THE BEE[1]

by Emily Dickinson

Like trains of cars on tracks of plush
I hear the level bee:
A jar across the flowers goes,
Their velvet masonry

Withstands until the sweet assault
Their chivalry consumes,
While he, victorious, tilts away
To vanquish other blooms.

His feet are shod with gauze,
His helmet is of gold;
His breast, a single onyx
With chrysoprase, inlaid.

His labor is a chant,
His idleness a tune;
Oh, for a bee's experience
Of clovers and of noon!

ON A LITTLE BIRD[2]

by Martin Armstrong

Here lies a little bird.
Once all day long
In Martha's house was heard
His rippling song.

---

1 From The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

2 Reprinted from COME HITHER by permission of A. D. Peters & Co., London.

Tread lightly where he lies
Beneath this stone
With nerveless wings, closed eyes,
And sweet voice gone.

AT THE DOG SHOW[1]

by Christopher Morley

Long and gray and gaunt he lies,
A Lincoln among dogs; his eyes,
Deep and clear of sight, appraise
The meaningless and shuffling ways
Of human folk that stop to stare.
One witless woman, seeing there
How tired, how contemptuous
He is of all the smell and fuss,
Asks him, "Poor fellow, are you sick?"

Yea, sick and weary to the quick
Of heat and noise from dawn to dark
He will not even stoop to bark
His protest, like the lesser bred.
Would he might know, one gazer read
The wistful longing in his face
The thirst for wind and open space
And stretch of limbs to him begrudged.

There came a little, dapper, fat
And bustling man, with cane and spat
And pearl-gray vest and derby hat--
Such were the judger and the judged.

---

1 "At the Dog Show" from POEMS by Christopher Morley. Copyright 1917, 1945 by Christopher Morley. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

PANGUR BAN[1]

--Irish (9th century)

I and Pangur Bán my cat
'Tis a like task we are at:
Hunting mice is his delight,
Hunting words I sit all night.

Better far than praise of men
'Tis to sit with book and pen;
Pangur bears me no ill will,
He too plies his simple skill.

'Tis a merry thing to see
At our tasks how glad are we,
When at home we sit and find
Entertainment to our mind.

Oftentimes a mouse will stray
In the hero Pangur's way;
Oftentimes my keen thought set
Takes a meaning in its net.

'Gainst the wall he sets his eye
Full and fierce and sharp and sly;
'Gainst the wall of knowledge I
All my little wisdom try.

When a mouse darts from its den
O how glad is Pangur then!
O what gladness do I prove
When I solve the doubts I love!

So in peace our tasks we ply,
Pangur Bán, my cat, and I;
In our arts we find our bliss,
I have mine and he has his.

Practice every day has made
Pangur perfect in his trade;
I get wisdom day and night
Turning darkness into light.

---

1 From The Irish Tradition by Robin Flower, by permission of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

THE CAT AND THE MOON[1]

by W. B. Yeats

The cat went here and there
And the moon spun round like a top,
And the nearest kin of the moon,
The creeping cat, looked up.
Black Minnaloushe stared at the moon,
For, wander and wail as he would,
The pure cold light in the sky
Troubled his animal blood.
Minnaloushe runs in the grass
Lifting his delicate feet.
Do you dance, Minnaloushe, do you dance?
When two close kindred meet,
What better than call a dance?
Maybe the moon may learn,
Tired of that courtly fashion,
A new dance turn.
Minnaloushe creeps throught the grass
From moonlit place to place,
The sacred moon overhead
Has taken a new phase.
Does Minnaloushe know that his pupils
Will pass from change to change,
And that from round to crescent,
From crescent to round they range?
Minnaloushe creeps through the grass
Alone, important and wise,
And lifts to the changing moon
His changing eyes.

A WIDOW BIRD

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

. . . A widow bird sat mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

---

1 Reprinted from W. B. Yeats, COLLECTED POEMS. Copyright 1950 by The Macmillan Company. Copyright 1940 by Georgie Yeats. By permission of the publishers.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

by William Cullen Bryant

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves or robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice little wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE GALLOWS[1]

by Edward Thomas

There was a weasel lived in the sun
With all his family,
Till a keeper shot him with his gun
And hung him up on a tree,
Where he swings in the wind and rain,
In the sun and in the snow,
Without pleasure, without pain,
On the dead oak tree bough.

There was a crow who was no sleeper,
But a thief and a murderer
Till a very late hour; and this keeper
Made him one of the things that were,
To hang and flap in rain and wind
In the sun and in the snow.
There are no more sins to be sinned
On the dead oak tree bough.

There was a magpie, too,
Had a long tongue and a long tail;
He could both talk and do--
But what did that avail?
He, too, flaps in the wind and rain
Alongside weasel and crow,
Without pleasure, without pain,
On the dead oak tree bough.

And many other beasts
And birds, skin, bone, and feather,
Have been taken from their feasts
And hung up there together.
To swing and have endless leisure
In the sun and in the snow,
Without pain, without pleasure,
On the dead oak tree bough.

---

1 Acknowledgment for the use of "The Gallows" is made to Mrs. Edward Thomas and to Faber and Faber, Ltd., publishers of the Collected Poems of Edward Thomas.

D. Children's Toys and Old Men's Reasons

--William Blake

These poems deal with a few profound human wishes in forms simple enough to please children. The myth units and the adventure stories of the curriculum also deal with such wishes. The teacher will have to exercise discretion in choosing a time for reading these poems when the children are in a mood to enjoy them. There is nothing worse than an appeal to the feelings when the atmosphere is wrong. There is nothing more sickening than overreading such poems as these. Poems that deal with the profound wishes should be read with a manly deference. Let your reading be controlled by the spirit of the nursery rime.

I chanced to meet an old man
    Clothed all in leather
He began to compliment
    And I began to grin
"How do you do?" and "How do you do?"
    And, "How do you do?" again.

But, as Marianne Moore says, there is a place for "hair that can rise, eyes that can dilate."

EVERYBODY SAYS[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

Everybody says
I look just like my mother.
Everybody says
I'm the image of Aunt Bee.
Everybody says
My nose is like my father's
But I want to look like ME!

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925, 1926, 1927 by Dorothy Aldis.

THE SHINY LITTLE HOUSE[1]

by Nancy M. Hayes

I wish, how I wish, that I had a little house,
With a mat for the cat and a hole for a mouse,
And a clock going "tock" in a corner of the room
And a kettle, and a cupboard, and a big birch broom.

To school in the morning the children off would run,
And I'd give them a kiss and a penny and a bun.
But directly they had gone from this little house of mine,
I'd clasp my hands and snatch a cloth, and shine, shine,
shine.

I'd shine all the knives, all the windows and the floors,
All the grates, all the plates, all the handles on the doors,
Every fork, every spoon, every lid, and every tin,
Till everything was shining like a new bright pin.

At night, by the fire, when the children were in bed,
I'd sit and I'd knit, with a cap upon my head,
And the kettles, and the saucepans they would shine, shine,
shine.
In this Teeny little, cozy little house of mine.

SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE[2]

by Christopher Morley

I'm glad our house is a little house
Not too tall nor wide;
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
Feel free to come inside.

---

1 From Sung Under the Silver Umbrella. Copyright 1935, The Macmillan Company, New York, New York. By permission of the Association for Childhood Education International, 3615 Wisconsin Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20016

2 "Song for a Little House" is from SONGS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE by Christopher Morley. Copyright 1917, 1945 by Christopher Morley. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Our little house is a friendly house,
It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees,
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green
Against our whited walls.
And in the phlox the courteous bees
Are paying duty calls.

PRESENTS[1]

by Marchette Chute

I wanted a rifle for Christmas,
I wanted a bat and a ball,
I wanted some skates and a bicycle,
But I didn't want mittens at all.

I wanted a whistle
And I wanted a kite.
I wanted a pocketknife
That shut up tight.
I wanted some books
And I wanted a kit,
But I didn't want mittens one little bit.

I told them I didn't like mittens,
I told them as plain as plain.
I told them I didn't want mittens.
And they've given me mittens again!

---

[1] Copyright, 1932, renewal, ©, 1960 by Marchette Chute. From the book AROUND AND ABOUT by Marchette Chute. Published 1957 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. and reprinted with their permission.

THE POPCORN MAN[1]

by Fredrika Shumway Smith

I like to meet the popcorn man.
His house just rolls along,
And always after school is out
We gather in a throng.

There is a stove inside his house
That puffs steam through the top,
And then a snowy shower comes
And corn begins to pop.

We like to hear the popcorn man
Come whistling down the street;
For popcorn balls, with butter sauce,
Are very good to eat.

HURRAH FOR THE CIRCUS![2]

by Dorothy Hall

The circus, the circus
    is coming to town!
The drums will go boom!
    and the clowns will fall down!
There'll be lions and elephants
    just like the zoo,
And tigers and maybe
    a real kangaroo--
And dogs that can dance
    and some cowboys of course,
And a beautiful lady
    will ride a white horse.
She'll jump through a hoop
    and the people will cheer--
Oh, how can we wait
    till the circus is here!

---

1 "The Popcorn Man" appeared in THE MAGIC CITY; it is here reprinted by permission of Fredrika Shumway Smith.

2 Reprinted from TREAT SHOP by permission of Charles E. Merrill Books, Inc. and Western Publishing Company, Inc.

FOR DINOGRAD -- BY HIS MOTHER

Welsh lyric (7th century)

Dinograd's coat is a delicate coat;
Dinograd's coat is marten's fur;
Whistle and sing, whistle and sing
Whistle and whistle and whistle again.

When Dinograd's dad went hunting with his great big spear
--Whistle and sing to the dogs up there--
He cried to his dogs, "Catch him by the ear."
--Whistle and sing for his big fish spear--
He boomed up the mountain like a lion or bear
--Whistle and sing for the stag, boar, and roe--
He'd capture a grouse, a fox, wildcat, or fish
--Whistle and sing for Daddy's great kill--
No man in Derwennwyd can match Dinograd's
daddy's splendor.

E. A Red Wheel Barrow

--William Carlos Williams

These are imagistic poems, poems that present a vivid picture. They may be used in connection with writing poetry, or may be read in connection with a unit whose subject or images are similar to those in one of these poems. The Old English riddles, for instance, could be read in connection with The Hobbit unit. The chief practitioners of this mode for adults are the members of the Imagist school which developed in the English speaking world early in the twentieth century--William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, T. E. Hulme, H. D., Amy Lowell, and John Gould Fletcher. The teacher will do a better job of teaching children "imagistic" poetry for them if he reads and analyzes adult imagist poetry by these poets to be clear about what an image is--what it endeavors to capture. Children can capture a great deal.

WHISPERS[1]

by Myra Cohn Livingston

Whispers
tickle through your ear
telling things you like to hear.
Whispers
are as soft as skin
letting little words curl in.
Whispers
come so they can blow
secrets others never know.

FEET[2]

by Dorothy Aldis

There are things
Feet know
That hands never will:

---

1 From WHISPERS AND OTHER POEMS, © 1958 by Myra Cohn Livingston. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

2 Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925, 1926, 1927 by Dorothy Aldis.

The exciting
Pounding feel
Of running down a hill;

The soft cool
Prickliness
When feet are bare
Walking in
The summer grass
To most anywhere.

Or dabbling in
Water all
Slip-sliddering through toes--
(Nicer than
Through fingers, though why
No one really knows.)

"Toes, tell my
Fingers," I
Said to them one day,
Why it's such
Fun just to
Wiggle and play."

But toes just
Looked at me
Solemn and still.
Oh, there are things
Feet know
That hands never will.

HANDS[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

There are things
Hands do
That feet never can. Oh
Lots of things
Like stringing beads
Or playing the piano;

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925, 1926, 1927 by Dorothy Aldis.

Or plaiting little
Stems of grass
Into a little braid
For an acorn
Dolly's head
That somebody has made;

Or shelling slippery
Pods of peas
So the peas can pop;
Or holding things
Quite tightly so
They will not slip or drop.

"Hands, tell my
Toes," I
Said to them one day,
"How you learned
To do so much
More useful things than they."

But hands just
Looked at me
And proudly began:
"Oh, there are things
Hands do
That feet never can."

FALLING SNOW

Anonymous

See the pretty snowflakes
    Falling from the sky;
On the walk and housetop
    Soft and thick they lie.

On the window-ledges
    On the branches bare;
Now how fast they gather,
    Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,
    Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snowflakes,
    Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare black bushes
All look soft and white,
Every twig is laden--
What a pretty sight!

THE BALLOON MAN[1]

by Rose Fyleman

He always comes on market days,
And holds balloons--a lovely bunch--
And in the market square he stays,
And never seems to think of lunch.

They're red and purple, blue and green,
And when it is a sunny day
Tho' carts and people get between
You see them shining far away.

And some are big and some are small,
All tied together with a string,
And if there is a wind at all
They tug and tug like anything.

Some day perhaps he'll let them go
And we shall see them sailing high,
And stand and watch them from below--
They would look pretty in the sky!

THE CIRCUS[2]

by Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Friday came and the circus was there,
And Mother said that the twins and I
And Charles and Clarence and all of us
Could go out and see the parade go by.

---

1 From FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1918, 1920 by George H. Doran Company. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc.

2 From UNDER THE TREE by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Copyright 1922 by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1950 by Ivor S. Roberts. Reprinted by the permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

And there were wagons with pictures on,
And you never could guess what they had inside,
Nobody could guess, for the docrs were shut,
And there was a dog that a monkey could ride.

A man on the top of a sort of cart
Was clapping his hands and making a talk.
And the elephant came--he can step pretty far--
It made us laugh to see him walk.

Three beautiful ladies came riding by,
And each one had on a golden dress,
And each one had a golden whip.
They were queens of Sheba, I guess.

A big wild man was in a cage,
And he had some snakes going over his feet
And somebody said, "He eats them alive!"
But I didn't see him eat.

CINDERELLA'S SONG[1]

by Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Oh, little cat beside my stool,
My tabby cat, my ashy one,
I'll tell you something in your ear,
It's I can put the slipper on.

The cinders all will brush away,
Oh, little cat beside my chair,
And I am very beautiful
When I comb down my hair.

My dress was gold, my dress was blue,
But you can hardly think of that.
My dress came to me through the air,
Oh, little cinder cat.

My dress is gone a little while,
My dress was sweet and blue and cool.
But it will come again to me,
Oh, little cat beside my stool.

---

[1] From SONG IN THE MEADOW by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Copyright 1940 by Elizabeth Madox Roberts.
Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

SING AND SAY[1]

by Dorothy Hall

Words as gay
As peacocks' eyes,
Words that dance
Like butterflies,

Words that glow
With sunset light,
Words as quiet
As the night--

Words in lavender
And gray,
Soft words, sweet words
Sing and say.

THE ICE-CREAM MAN[2]

by Rachel Field

When summer's in the city,
And brick's a blaze of heat,
The Ice-Cream Man with his little cart
Goes trundling down the street.

Beneath his round umbrella,
Oh, what a joyful sight,
To see him fill the cones with mounds
Of cooling brown or white:

Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry,
Or chilly things to drink
From bottles full of frosty-fizz,
Green, orange, white, or pink.

---

1 Reprinted from TREAT SHOP by permission of Charles E. Merrill Books, Inc. and Western Publishing Company, Inc.

2 "The Ice-Cream Man," copyright 1926 by Doubleday & Company, Inc., from TAXIS AND TOADSTOOLS, by Rachel Field. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

His cart might be a flower bed
Of roses and sweet peas,
The way the children cluster round
As thick as honeybees.

AUTUMN FANCIES

Anonymous

The maple is a dainty maid,
The pet of all the wood,
Who lights the dusky forest glade
With scarlet cloak and hood.

The elm a lovely lady is,
In shimmering robes of gold,
That catch the sunlight when she moves,
And glisten, fold on fold.

The sumac is a Gypsy queen,
Who flaunts in crimson dressed,
And wild along the roadside runs,
Red blossoms in her breast.

And towering high above the wood,
All in his purple cloak,
A monarch in his splendor is
The proud and princely oak.

THE WOODSPURGE

by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walked on at the wind's will, --
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, --
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me, --
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

I LIKE TO SEE IT LAP THE MILES[1]

by Emily Dickinson

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop--docile and omnipotent--
At its own stable door.

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of the publishers and the Trustees of Amherst College from Thomas H. Johnson, Editor, THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON, Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, Copyright, 1951, 1955, by The President and Fellows of Harvard College.

LES SILHOUETTES[1]

by Oscar Wilde

The sea is flecked with bars of grey,
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the stormy bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand
The black boat lies: a sailor boy
Clambers aboard in careless joy
With laughing face and gleaming hand.

And overhead the curlews cry,
Where through the dusky upland grass
The young brown-throated reapers pass,
Like silhouettes against the sky.

SNOW BY NIGHT[2]

by Rachel Field

Snow is falling tonight,
The tallest buildings seem
Angular phantoms dim
As the texture of a dream
Snow at the windowpane,
And we who watch it blow,
Slanting and fine and white,
Must whisper, "Even so
It fell on roofs of old,
On streets of long ago,
On the watchman calling, 'Twelve
O'clock, and a fall of snow!' "

---

1 Alvin Redman (ed.), The Wit and Humor of Oscar Wilde, Dover Publications, Inc., New York.

2 "Snow by Night," copyright 1926 by Doubleday & Company, Inc., from TAXIS AND TOADSTOOLS, by Rachel Field. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

THE DANCER

by Joseph Campbell

The tall dancer dances
With slowly-taken breath:
In his feet music,
And on his face death.

His face is a mask,
It is so still and white:
His withered eyes shut,
Unmindful of light.

The old fiddler fiddles
The merry "Silver Tip"
With softly-beating foot
And laughing eye and lip.

And round the dark walls
The people sit and stand,
Praising the art
Of the dancer of the land.

But he dances there
As if his kin were dead:
Clay in his thoughts,
And lightning in his tread.

from THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

by John Keats

St. Agnes' Eve--Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold:
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

THE SKATERS[1]

by John Gould Fletcher

Black swallows swooping or gliding
In a flurry of entangled loops and curves;
The skaters skim over the frozen river.
And the grinding click of their skates as they impinge upon the surface,
Is like the brushing together of thin wing-tips of silver.

BIVOUAC ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE

by Walt Whitman

from Leaves of Grass, Drum Taps

I see before me now, a traveling army halting;
Below, a fertile valley spread, with barns, and the orchards of summer;
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt in places, rising high;
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes, dingily seen;
The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far, some away up on the mountain;
The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-sized, flickering,
And over all, the sky--the sky! far, far out of reach, studded, breaking out, the eternal stars.

RIDDLE #29: THE MOON AND THE SUN[2]

Translated by Burton Raffel

I saw a silvery creature scurrying
Home, as lovely and light as heaven
Itself, running with stolen treasure
Between its horns. It hoped, by deceit
And daring and art, to set an arbor

---

1 By permission of Mrs. John Gould Fletcher.

2 Reprinted from Poems from the Old English, translated by Burton Raffel, by permission of the University of Nebraska Press. Copyright © 1960, 1964 by the University of Nebraska Press.

There in that soaring castle. Then,
A shining creature, known to everyone
On earth, climbed the mountains and cliffs,
Rescued his prize, and drove the wily
Impostor back to darkness. It fled
To the west, swearing revenge. The morning
Dust scattered away, dew
Fell, and the night was gone, And no one
Knew where the soft-footed thief had vanished.

RIDDLE #32: A SHIP[1]

Translated by Burton Raffel

Our world is lovely in different ways,
Hung with beauty and works of hands.
I saw a strange machine, made
For motion, slide against the sand,
Shrieking as it went. It walked swiftly
On its only foot, this odd-shaped monster,
Travelled in an open country without
Seeing, without arms, or hands,
With many ribs, and its mouth in its middle.
Its work is useful, and welcome, for it loads
Its belly with food, and brings abundance
To men, to poor and to rich, paying
Its tribute year after year. Solve
This riddle, if you can, and unravel its name.

THE TORCH

by Walt Whitman
from Leaves of Grass, Drum Taps

On my northwest coast in the midst of the night, a fishermen's
group stands watching;
Out on the lake, that expands before them, others are spearing
salmon;
The canoe, a dim shadowy thing, moves across the black water,
Bearing a Torch a-blaze at the prow.

---

1 Reprinted from Poems from the Old English, translated by Burton Raffel, by permission of the University Press. Copyright © 1960, 1964 by the University of Nebraska Press.

CHICAGO[1]

by Carl Sandburg

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen
your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.
And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true
I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of
women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this
my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud
to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job,
here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little
soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a
savage pitted against the wilderness,
Bareheaded
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white
teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man
laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost
a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and
under his ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-
naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker,
Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler
to the Nation.

ADLESTROP[1]

by Edward Thomas

Yes. I remember Adlestrop--
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop--only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

---

[1] Acknowledgment for the use of "Adlestrop" is made to Mrs. Edward Thomas and to Faber and Faber, Ltd., publishers of the Collected Poems of Edward Thomas.

F. In Xanadu

--S. T. Coleridge

These are poems of the imagination as a shaping force. They may be used to excite the faculty in the children or to give their imaginations subjects to work on. Imagination is difficult to define; we would all agree that Wordsworth's boy, described in The Prelude, V, 293-336, is completely lacking in imagination:[1]

> My drift I fear . . .
> May try this modern system by its fruits,
> Leave let me take to place before her sight
> A specimen portrayed with faithful Hand
> This model of a child is never known
> To mix in quarrels; that were far beneath
> Its dignity; with gifts he bubbles o'er
> As generous as a fountain; selfishness
> May not come near him, nor the little throng
> Of flitting pleasures tempt him from his path;
> The wandering beggars propagate his name,
> Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,
> And natural or supernatural fear,
> Unless it leap upon him in a dream
> Touches him not. To enhance the wonder, see
> How arch his notices, how nice his sense
> Of the ridiculous; not blind is he
> To the broad follies of the licensed world,
> Yet innocent himself withal, though shrewd,
> And can read lectures upon innocence;
> A miracle of scientific lore,
> Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
> And tell you all their cunning; he can read
> The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
> He knows the policies of foreign lands;
> Can string you names of districts, cities, towns
> The whole world over, tight as beads of dew
> Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he weighs;
> All things are put to question; he must live
> Knowing that he grows wiser every day
> Or else not live at all, and seeing too
> Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
> Into the dimpling cistern of his heart;

---

1 This passage is taken from a lecture by Mr. Royal Gettmann to Nebraska teachers.

For this unnatural growth the trainer blame,
Pity the tree. Poor human vanity,
Wert thou extinguished, little would be left
Which he could truly love; but how escape?
For, ever as a thought of purer birth
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,
Some intermeddler still is on the watch
To drive him back, and pound him, like a stray
Within the pinfold of his own conceit.

This child never mixes in quarrels, is innocent yet shrewd, unafraid, scientific. He feels that he must increase his knowledge from day to day. The passage is, of course, ironic. Wordworth describes the boy as completely unimaginative, unimaginative in that he thinks only of himself and the here and now. He is thoroughly and merely practical. His kind were such as those who set up societies for the 'diffusion of useful knowledge' and published penny encyclopedias. Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare was an attempt to combat the forces of such societies; the works of Hawthorne and Lewis Carroll were later attempts. The poems which follow are this book's attempt to move the child beyond the "modern system."

THE SAD SHOES[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

My poor old shoes are on the floor.
Last winter they were new.
Now I can't wear them any more.
Too many holes came through.

Today they had a nice time though
Climbing up a tree:
Tomorrow they'll be thrown away
And cannot play with me.

And doesn't this seem sad to you?
And do they maybe know?
I think perhaps they do--they lean
Upon each other so.

---

1 Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from ALL TOGETHER by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925-1928, 1934, 1939, 1952 by Dorothy Aldis.

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice little wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE GALLOWS[1]

by Edward Thomas

There was a weasel lived in the sun
With all his family,
Till a keeper shot him with his gun
And hung him up on a tree,
Where he swings in the wind and rain,
In the sun and in the snow,
Without pleasure, without pain,
On the dead oak tree bough.

There was a crow who was no sleeper,
But a thief and a murderer
Till a very late hour; and this keeper
Made him one of the things that were,
To hang and flap in rain and wind
In the sun and in the snow.
There are no more sins to be sinned
On the dead oak tree bough.

There was a magpie, too,
Had a long tongue and a long tail;
He could both talk and do--
But what did that avail?
He, too, flaps in the wind and rain
Alongside weasel and crow,
Without pleasure, without pain,
On the dead oak tree bough.

And many other beasts
And birds, skin, bone, and feather,
Have been taken from their feasts
And hung up there together.
To swing and have endless leisure
In the sun and in the snow,
Without pain, without pleasure,
On the dead oak tree bough.

---

1 Acknowledgment for the use of "The Gallows" is made to Mrs. Edward Thomas and to Faber and Faber, Ltd., publishers of the Collected Poems of Edward Thomas.

D. Children's Toys and Old Men's Reasons

--William Blake

These poems deal with a few profound human wishes in forms simple enough to please children. The myth units and the adventure stories of the curriculum also deal with such wishes. The teacher will have to exercise discretion in choosing a time for reading these poems when the children are in a mood to enjoy them. There is nothing worse than an appeal to the feelings when the atmosphere is wrong. There is nothing more sickening than overreading such poems as these. Poems that deal with the profound wishes should be read with a manly deference. Let your reading be controlled by the spirit of the nursery rime.

I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather
He began to compliment
And I began to grin
"How do you do?" and "How do you do?"
And, "How do you do?" again.

But, as Marianne Moore says, there is a place for "hair that can rise, eyes that can dilate."

EVERYBODY SAYS[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

Everybody says
I look just like my mother.
Everybody says
I'm the image of Aunt Bee.
Everybody says
My nose is like my father's
But I want to look like ME!

---

1 Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925, 1926, 1927 by Dorothy Aldis.

THE SHINY LITTLE HOUSE[1]

by Nancy M. Hayes

I wish, how I wish, that I had a little house,
With a mat for the cat and a hole for a mouse,
And a clock going "tock" in a corner of the room
And a kettle, and a cupboard, and a big birch broom.

To school in the morning the children off would run,
And I'd give them a kiss and a penny and a bun.
But directly they had gone from this little house of mine,
I'd clasp my hands and snatch a cloth, and shine, shine,
shine.

I'd shine all the knives, all the windows and the floors,
All the grates, all the plates, all the handles on the doors,
Every fork, every spoon, every lid, and every tin,
Till everything was shining like a new bright pin.

At night, by the fire, when the children were in bed,
I'd sit and I'd knit, with a cap upon my head,
And the kettles, and the saucepans they would shine, shine,
shine.
In this Teeny little, cozy little house of mine.

SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE[2]

by Christopher Morley

I'm glad our house is a little house
Not too tall nor wide;
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
Feel free to come inside.

---

1 From Sung Under the Silver Umbrella. Copyright 1935, The Macmillan Company, New York, New York. By permission of the Association for Childhood Education International, 3615 Wisconsin Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20016

2 "Song for a Little House" is from SONGS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE by Christopher Morley. Copyright 1917, 1945 by Christopher Morley. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Our little house is a friendly house,
It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees,
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green
Against our whited walls.
And in the phlox the courteous bees
Are paying duty calls.

PRESENTS[1]

by Marchette Chute

I wanted a rifle for Christmas,
I wanted a bat and a ball,
I wanted some skates and a bicycle,
But I didn't want mittens at all.

I wanted a whistle
And I wanted a kite.
I wanted a pocketknife
That shut up tight.
I wanted some books
And I wanted a kit,
But I didn't want mittens one little bit.

I told them I didn't like mittens,
I told them as plain as plain.
I told them I didn't want mittens.
And they've given me mittens again!

---

[1] Copyright, 1932, renewal, (c), 1960 by Marchette Chute. From the book AROUND AND ABOUT by Marchette Chute. Published 1957 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. and reprinted with their permission.

THE POPCORN MAN[1]

by Fredrika Shumway Smith

I like to meet the popcorn man.
His house just rolls along,
And always after school is out
We gather in a throng.

There is a stove inside his house
That puffs steam through the top,
And then a snowy shower comes
And corn begins to pop.

We like to hear the popcorn man
Come whistling down the street;
For popcorn balls, with butter sauce,
Are very good to eat.

HURRAH FOR THE CIRCUS![2]

by Dorothy Hall

The circus, the circus
  is coming to town!
The drums will go boom!
  and the clowns will fall down!
There'll be lions and elephants
  just like the zoo,
And tigers and maybe
  a real kangaroo--
And dogs that can dance
  and some cowboys of course,
And a beautiful lady
  will ride a white horse.
She'll jump through a hoop
  and the people will cheer--
Oh, how can we wait
  till the circus is here!

---

1 "The Popcorn Man" appeared in THE MAGIC CITY; it is here reprinted by permission of Fredrika Shumway Smith.

2 Reprinted from TREAT SHOP by permission of Charles E. Merrill Books, Inc. and Western Publishing Company, Inc.

FOR DINOGRAD -- BY HIS MOTHER

Welsh lyric (7th century)

Dinograd's coat is a delicate coat;
Dinograd's coat is marten's fur;
Whistle and sing, whistle and sing
Whistle and whistle and whistle again.

When Dinograd's dad went hunting with his great big spear
--Whistle and sing to the dogs up there--
He cried to his dogs, "Catch him by the ear."
--Whistle and sing for his big fish spear--
He boomed up the mountain like a lion or bear
--Whistle and sing for the stag, boar, and roe--
He'd capture a grouse, a fox, wildcat, or fish
--Whistle and sing for Daddy's great kill--
No man in Derwennwyd can match Dinograd's
daddy's splendor.

E. A Red Wheel Barrow

--William Carlos Williams

These are imagistic poems, poems that present a vivid picture. They may be used in connection with writing poetry, or may be read in connection with a unit whose subject or images are similar to those in one of these poems. The Old English riddles, for instance, could be read in connection with The Hobbit unit. The chief practitioners of this mode for adults are the members of the Imagist school which developed in the English speaking world early in the twentieth century--William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, T. E. Hulme, H. D., Amy Lowell, and John Gould Fletcher. The teacher will do a better job of teaching children "imagistic" poetry for them if he reads and analyzes adult imagist poetry by these poets to be clear about what an image is--what it endeavors to capture. Children can capture a great deal.

WHISPERS[1]

by Myra Cohn Livingston

Whispers
tickle through your ear
telling things you like to hear.
Whispers
are as soft as skin
letting little words curl in.
Whispers
come so they can blow
secrets others never know.

FEET[2]

by Dorothy Aldis

There are things
Feet know
That hands never will:

---

1 From WHISPERS AND OTHER POEMS, © 1958 by Myra Cohn Livingston. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

2 Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925, 1926, 1927 by Dorothy Aldis.

The exciting
Pounding feel
Of running down a hill;

The soft cool
Prickliness
When feet are bare
Walking in
The summer grass
To most anywhere.

Or dabbling in
Water all
Slip-sliddering through toes--
(Nicer than
Through fingers, though why
No one really knows.)

"Toes, tell my
Fingers," I
Said to them one day,
Why it's such
Fun just to
Wiggle and play."

But toes just
Looked at me
Solemn and still.
Oh, there are things
Feet know
That hands never will.

HANDS[1]

by Dorothy Aldis

There are things
Hands do
That feet never can. Oh
Lots of things
Like stringing beads
Or playing the piano;

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons from EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING by Dorothy Aldis. Copyright 1925, 1926, 1927 by Dorothy Aldis.

Or plaiting little
Stems of grass
Into a little braid
For an acorn
Dolly's head
That somebody has made;

Or shelling slippery
Pods of peas
So the peas can pop;
Or holding things
Quite tightly so
They will not slip or drop.

"Hands, tell my
Toes," I
Said to them one day,
"How you learned
To do so much
More useful things than they."

But hands just
Looked at me
And proudly began:
"Oh, there are things
Hands do
That feet never can."

FALLING SNOW

Anonymous

See the pretty snowflakes
    Falling from the sky;
On the walk and housetop
    Soft and thick they lie.

On the window-ledges
    On the branches bare;
Now how fast they gather,
    Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,
    Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snowflakes,
    Not a blade is seen.

FAIRY SHOES[1]

by Annette Wynne

The little shoes that fairies wear
Are very small indeed;
No larger than a violet bud,
As tiny as a seed.

The little shoes that fairies wear
Are very trim and neat;
They leave no tracks behind for those
Who search along the street.

The little shoes of fairies are
So light and soft and small
That though a million passed you by
You would not hear at all.

USEFUL HINTS[2]

by Rose Fyleman

Fairy flannel is the skin of peaches,
Fairy brushes are the nuts of beeches,
Velvet bulrushes are fairy pillows,
Fairy muffs are made of pussy willows.

---

1 "Fairy Shoes" from ALL THROUGH THE YEAR by Annette Wynne. Copyright 1932, (C) 1960 by Annette Wynne. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

2 From THE FAIRY FLUTE, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1923 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publisher

G. O Western Wind, When Wilt Thou Blow

--Anonymous

These are folk poems, anonymous poems, and poems with the feeling of having been caught from the air instead of having been written. Most of them deal with human time--the moment, the season, the cycle of morning, afternoon, and evening. They are particularly useful for exercising the children's sense of natural rhythms.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY [1]

by Rachel Field

The paper is lacy
The rose is red,
I made the words up
In my head:
I Love You!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY--FEBRUARY 22 [1]

by Rachel Field

I'm sorry for George Washington,
For only think of all the fun
He missed, not being here to play
And celebrate his Holiday!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY[1]

by Rachel Field

In Ireland, March seventeen
All children put on green;
Pick themselves a shamrock spray
For good luck on St. Patrick's Day.

---

[1] From A LITTLE BOOK OF DAYS, by Rachel Field. Copyright 1927 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY--APRIL 1ST[1]

by Rachel Field

Jane forgot on April Fool
That cakes are often stuffed with wool.
But she'll remember, never fear
When April first comes round next year!

MAY DAY--MAY 1[1]

by Rachel Field

Pink and white arbutus
In a basket gay,
Hang it on your neighbor's door
The first night of May.

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL[1]

by Rachel Field

Always more of everything;
Reading, writing, figuring
Books to read and words to spell--
Hurry, Jim, there goes the bell!
Seems as if they might get through
Finding things for us to do!

COLUMBUS DAY--OCTOBER 12[1]

by Rachel Field

In fourteen hundred ninety-two
I wish I'd been alive, I do--
To shout in Spanish, "Ship-ahoy!"
And be Columbus' cabin boy.

---

[1] From A LITTLE BOOK OF DAYS, by Rachel Field. Copyright 1927 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

HALLOWEEN--OCTOBER 31 [1]

by Rachel Field

Jack-o-Lantern in the dark
You're a scare-y fellow
Grinning mouth and shiny eyes
Blinking round and yellow.
I should be afraid I know--
If I hadn't watched you grow!

ELECTION DAY [1]

by Rachel Field

I'm not twenty-one, so they say I can't vote,
But I can wear their buttons up and down my coat!

THANKSGIVING DAY--LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER [1]

by Rachel Field

This is the pie I made myself,
And baked till it was brown
There's not a pie like this
Anywhere in town.

BIRTHDAYS [2]

by Marchette Chute

We had waffles-with-syrup for breakfast,
As many as we could hold;
And I had some presents extra,
Because I am nine years old.

---

[1] From A LITTLE BOOK OF DAYS, by Rachel Field. Copyright 1927 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

[2] Copyright, 1932, renewal, ©, 1960 by Marchette Chute. From the book AROUND AND ABOUT by Marchette Chute. Published 1957 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and reprinted with their permission.

I've thanked everyone for my presents,
And kissed 'em, and now that that's done
The family's all ready to do things,
Whatever I think would be fun.

When Timothy had his birthday
We went to the circus, and Tim
Made friends with the seals and the monkeys
And a real clown winked at him.

And Dorothy chose a picnic
On the shore of a little lake,
With tadpoles, and buns, and diving,
And a four-layer birthday cake.

And now that it's my turn for choosing,
I'm going to ask if we might
Take all of our family of rabbits
To bed with us just for tonight.

A YEAR LATER [1]

by Mary Ann Hoberman

Last summer I couldn't swim at all;
I couldn't even float;
I had to use a rubber tube
Or hang on to a boat;
I had to sit on shore
While everybody swam;
But now it's this summer
And I can!

---

[1] Reprinted from the book HELLO AND GOODBYE copyright ©1959 by Mary Ann and Norman Hoberman; with permission of Little, Brown and Company.

SEPTEMBER [1]

by Frances Frost

Small things I love about the fall:
The cricket by the cellar wall,
Playing his shrill and merry fiddle--
And grassy bugs with horns that twiddle.

I love the spider spinning still
Beneath the woodshed windowsill,
And caterpillars traveling places
With striped bright fur and worried faces.

WHAT WILL ROBIN DO?

Anonymous

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then,
Poor thing!

He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

"WINTER HAS COME WITH PINCHING DEARTH . . ." [2]

Irish lyric (9th century) translated by Owen Masters

Winter has come with pinching dearth,
Lakes all around start to overflow,
Frost is crumbling the leaves to earth,
Rollicking waves are grumbling low.

---

[1] From THE LITTLE WHISTLER by Frances Frost. Copyright, 1949. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Used by permission.

[2] Reprinted by permission of John Schaffner for estate of Hubert Creekmore; copyright, 1959, by Grove Press, Inc.

SPRING FAMILIES [1]

by Frances Frost

March shakes the pussy willows out
Of their brown wintry beds,
And gets the first grass-children up
And combs their tousled heads.

April mixes silver rain
And golden sun to suds
To wash the scarlet petticoats
Of little maple buds.

And May sews round bright dandelion
Buttons on the hills,
And ties their yellow bonnets on
The youngest daffodils.

SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS [2]

by Robert Herrick

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May
In a more rich and sweet array:
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems, than those two, that went before:
Then (Lastly) July comes, and she
More wealth brings in, than all those three.

---

1 From THE LITTLE WHISTLER by Frances Frost. Copyright, 1949. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Used by permission.

2 Reprinted from ONE THOUSAND POEMS FOR CHILDREN by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist by permission of the publisher, Macrae Smith Company.

SPRING IS LIKE A PERHAPS HAND [1]

by E. E. Cummings

Spring is like a perhaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere)arranging
a window, into which people look(while
people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and known thing here)and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a perhaps
Hand in a window
(carefully to
and fro moving New and
Old things, while
people stare carefully
moving a perhaps
fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air there)and

without breaking anything.

THE ECHOING GREEN

by William Blake

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

---

[1] Copyright, 1925, by E. E. Cummings. Reprinted from his volume POEMS 1923-1954 by permission of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk,
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
"Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth time were seen
On the Echoing Green."

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

THE SNOW MAN [1]

by Mildred Plew Meigs

One day the snow man, Sir Benjamin Buzz,
He started to melt as a snow man does.

Down ran the crown of his icicled hat
Over his forehead and right after that

He noticed his whiskers go lolloping by
Along with his chin and his collar and tie.

Then Benjamin looked and saw that his chest
Was gliding away through his coat and his vest;

---

[1] From Child Life Magazine, Copyright 1933, 1961 by Rand McNally & Company. By permission of Mrs. Marion Plew Ruckel.

And after a little he sighed, "Ho! Hum!
There goes a finger and there goes a thumb!"

And scarce had he spoken when Benjamin felt
That both of his legs were beginning to melt;

Down they ran dribbling, bit after bit,
Like two creamy candles a sunbeam had lit.

"Alas," cried Sir Ben, "I am merely a bump!"
And the next thing he knew he sat down with a thump.

Then little by little he slipped like a sleigh,
And quietly, quietly slithered away;

And next when he noticed the spot he was on,
He looked for himself and he saw he was gone.

And that is the story of Benjamin Buzz,
Who melted one day as a snow man does.

MILK-WHITE MOON, PUT THE COWS TO SLEEP [1]

by Carl Sandburg

Milk-white moon, put the cows to sleep.
Since five o'clock in the morning,
Since they stood up out of the grass,
Where they slept on their knees and hocks,
They have eaten grass and given their milk
And eaten grass again and given milk,
And kept their heads and teeth at the earth's face.
Now they are looking at you, milk-white moon.
Carelessly as they look at the level landscapes,
Carelessly as they look at a pail of new white milk,
They are looking at you, wondering not at all,
at all,
If the moon is the skim face top of a pail of milk,
Wondering not at all, carelessly looking.
Put the cows to sleep, milk-white moon,
Put the cows to sleep.

---

[1] From GOOD MORNING, AMERICA, copyright, 1928, 1956, by Carl Sandburg. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

SOFTLY, DROWSILY [1]

by Walter de la Mare

Softly, drowsily,
Out of sleep,
Into the world again
Ann's eyes peep;
Over the pictures
Across the walls
One little quivering
Sunbeam falls.
A thrush in the garden
Seems to say,
Wake, little Ann,
'Tis day, 'tis day!
Faint sweet breezes
The casement stir
Breathing of pinks
And lavender.
At last from her pillow,
With cheeks bright red,
Up comes her round little
Tousled head;
And out she tumbles
From her warm bed.

XXIII
SPRING (from Platero and I) [2]

by Juan Ramón Jiménéz

Oh, what sparkles and what scents!
Oh, see how the meadows laugh!
Oh, what music in the early morn!
--Popular Ballad.

---

[1] Permission to include this poem has been granted by The Literary Trustees of Walter de la Mare and The Society of Authors as their representative.

[2] From the English translation by William H. and Mary M. Roberts, published in the Signet Classic Series of the New American Library.

One morning, when half awake, I am put out of sorts by the devilish chattering of little children. At last, unable to sleep any longer, I jump out of bed in despair. Then as I look out at the fields through the open window, I realize that those guilty of the uproar are the birds.

I go out to the orchard and thank God for the blue day. Unrestrained concert from fresh throats without number! Capriciously, the swallow sends her warblings spiralling down the well; the blackbird whistles over the fallen orange; the fire-bright oriole chatters in the oak; the titmouse spins long, fine laughter from the top of the eucalyptus; and in the great pine, the sparrows carry on a turbulent discussion.

What a morning it is! The sun scatters over the earth its gold and silver joy; butterflies of a hundred hues play everywhere, among the flowers, through the house, in the fountain. The fields all around burst and crack open in a ferment of healthy new life.

We seem to be within a great honeycomb of light, the burning center of an immense flaming rose.

NOW THE NOISY WINDS ARE STILL[1]

by Mary Mapes Dodge

Now the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill!
All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain:
    Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
    Sudden sun, and clatter, patter!

First the blue, and then the shower;
Bursting bud, and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide--
All things ready with a will--
April's coming up the hill!

---

1 "Now the Noisy Winds Are Still" from ALONG THE WAY by Mary Mapes Dodge. Charles Scribner's Sons (1879).

SPRING [1]

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing.
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs,
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

SUMMER IS GONE [2]

--Irish lyric translated by Sean O'Faolain

I have but one story--
The stags are moaning,
The sky is snowing,
Summer is gone.

Quickly the low sun
Goes drifting down
Behind the rollers,
Lifting and long.

---

[1] From COLLECTED POEMS, Harper & Row. Copyright 1921, 1948 by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

[2] From THE SILVER BRANCH by Sean O'Faolain. Copyright 1938, 1966 by Sean O'Faolain. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

The wild geese cry
Down the storm;
The ferns have fallen,
Russet and torn.

The wings of the birds
Are clotted with ice.
I have but one story--
Summer is gone.

THE EVENING SUN

by Emily Brontë

The evening sun was sinking down
    On low green hills and clustered trees;
It was a scene as fair and lone
    As ever felt the soothing breeze

That cools the grass when day is gone,
    And gives the waves a brighter blue,
And makes the soft white clouds sail on--
    Like spirits of ethereal dew

Which all the morn had hovered o'er
    The azure flowers, where they were nursed,
And now return to Heaven once more,
    Where their bright glories shone at first.

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY ON THE PRAIRIE [1]

by Vachel Lindsay

In the Beginning
The sun is a huntress young,
The sun is a red, red joy;
The sun is an Indian girl
Of the tribe of the Illinois.

---

[1] From THE CONGO AND OTHER POEMS, published by The Macmillan Company, and also in COLLECTED POEMS of Vachel Lindsay, copyright 1913, 1914, 1916, 1917, 1919, 1920, 1923, 1925 by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Mid-morning
The sun is a smoldering fire
That creeps through the high gray plain,
And leaves not a bush of cloud
To blossom with flowers of rain.

Noon
The sun is a wounded deer
That treads pale grass in the skies,
Shaking his golden horns,
Flashing his baleful eyes.

Sunset
The sun is an eagle old,
There in the windless west,
Atop of the spirit-cliffs,
He builds him a crimson nest.

TU-WHIT TO-WHO

by William Shakespeare

When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the shepheard blowes his naile,
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,

Tu-whit to-who

A merrie note,

While greasie Jone doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrian's nose lookes red and raw;
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,

Tu-whit to-who

A Merrie note,
While greasy Jone doth keele the pot.

SPRING [1]

from TWICE FOR A SMALL SONG

by Kenneth O. Hanson

The black cat has folded
himself on his knees
under the apple tree.

Blossoms are falling.
One has fallen on his nose.
He is a tiger in Mozambique.

He ignores the postman
passing. Come, cat
quiet as a kumquat. There

are no tigers in Mozambique.
The postman is passing.
Blossoms are falling.

SPRING AND FALL: TO A YOUNG CHILD [2]

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

---

1 "Spring," copyright by Kenneth O. Hanson. By permission of the author.

2 From The Complete Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins, published by Oxford University Press; used by permission of the Publishers.

WITH THEE CONVERSING

(Eve to Adam in Paradise Lost, Book IV)

by John Milton

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

H. Oh! Sing Unto My Roundelay

--Thomas Chatterton

These are ballads. Many of them tell exciting stories and will be liked for the plot as well as the poetry. They may be used in connection with the Biography and the Other Lands and People literature units, with any adventure story, or may be read simply for entertainment. A teacher who wishes to go further into ballads would do well to buy Child's collection of English and Scottish ballads which is now available in paper. A useful work of scholarship concerning balladry is Louise Pound's The Ballad of Tradition. Remember that ballad-culture is culture in which children and adults share a common literature, the tales of the tribe--bloody, swift and spare in their literary technique.

LITTLE JOE TUNNEY [1]

by Rebecca McCann

There was a little boy
And his name was Joe Tunney.
He had but one failing:
He tried to be funny.

He made himself noticed
In all public places
By making loud noises
And terrible faces.

One day at the circus
He wouldn't sit down.
He stood up and tried
To perform like a clown.

The clown said, "All right,
If you must jump and sing,
Come out with the show
And perform in the ring."

---

1 From Child Life Magazine, Copyright 1927, 1955 by Rand McNally & Company. And by permission of Lillian Keller.

So out ran young Joe,
Acting foolish and wild,
And everybody watched him
But nobody smiled.

The actors all watched him,
The band loudly blared.
In dignified silence
The animals stared.

Thought poor little Joe,
Standing lonely and small,
"Oh, what shall I do?
I'm not funny at all!"

Then the elephant spoke
In the elephant tongue,
"I'll help that boy out--
After all, he's so young."

And he lifted Joe up
With his trunk in the air
And with one mighty sweep
Put him back in his chair.

The people all clapped
And the clowns cheered for Joe,
And he kept very still
For the rest of the show.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RID HIN [1]

by Horace E. Scudder

There was once't upon a time
A little small Rid Hin,
Off in the good ould country
Where yees ha' nivir bin.

---

[1] By courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company, from The Children's Book.

Nice and quiet shure she was,
And nivir did any harrum;
She lived alone all be herself,
And worked upon her farrum.

There lived out o'er the hill,
In a great din o' rocks,
A crafty, shly, and wicked
Ould folly iv a Fox.

This rashkill iv a Fox,
He tuk it in his head
He'd have the little Rid Hin:
So whin he wint to bed,

He laid awake and thaught
What a foine thing 't wad be
To fetch her home and bile her up
For his ould marm and he.

And so he thaught and thaught,
Until he grew so thin
That there was nothin' left of him
But jist his bones and shkin.

But the small Rid Hin was wise,
She always locked her door,
And in her pocket pit the key,
To keep the Fox out shure.

But at last there came a schame
Intil his wicked head,
And he tuk a great big bag
And to his mither said, --

"Now have the pot all bilin'
Agin the time I come;
We'll ate the small Rid Hin to-night,
For shure I'll bring her home."

And so away he wint
Wid the bag upon his back,
An' up the hill and through the woods
Saftly he made his track.

An' thin he came alang,
  Craping as shtill's a mouse,
To where the little small Rid Hin
  Lived in her shnug ould house.

An' out she comes hersel',
  Jist as he got in sight,
To pick up shticks to make her fire:
  "Aha!" says Fox, "all right.

"Begorra, now, I'll have yees
  Widout much throuble more";
An' in he shlips quite unbeknownst,
  An' hides be'ind the door.

An' thin, a minute afther,
  In comes the small Rid Hin,
An' shuts the door, and locks it, too,
  An' thinks, "I'm safely in."

An' thin she tarns around
  An' looks be'ind the door;
There shtands the Fox wid his big tail
  Ashpread out upon the floor.

Dear me! she was so shcared
  Wid such a wondrous sight,
She dropped her apronful of shticks,
  And flew up in a fright,

An' lighted on the bame
  Across on top the room;
"Aha!" says she, "ye don't have me;
  Ye may as well go home."

"Aha!" says Fox, "we'll see;
  I'll bring yees down from that."
So out he marched upon the floor
  Right under where she sat.

An' thin he whiruled around,
  An' round an' round an' round,
Fashter an' fashter an' fashter,
  Afther his tail on the ground.

Until the small Rid Hin
  She got so dizzy, shure,
Wid lookin' at the Fox's tail,
  She jist dropped on the floor.

An' Fox he whipped her up,
  An' pit her in his bag,
An' off he started all alone,
  Him and his little bag.

All day he tracked the wood
  Up hill an' down again;
An' wid him, shmotherin' in the bag,
  The little small Rid Hin.

Sorra a know she knowed
  Awhere she was that day;
Says she, "I'm biled an' ate up, shure,
  An' what'll be to pay?

Thin she betho't hersel',
  An' tuk her schissors out,
An' shnipped a big hole in the bag,
  So she could look about.

An' 'fore ould Fox could think
  She lept right out--she did,
An' thin picked up a great big shtone,
  An' popped it in instid.

An' thin she rins off home,
  Her outside door she locks;
Thinks she, "You see you don't have me,
  You crafty, shly ould Fox."

An' Fox, he tugged away
  Wid the great big hivy shtone,
Thimpin' his shoulders very bad
  As he wint in alone.

An' whin he came in sight
  O' his great din o' rocks,
Jist watchin' for him at the door
  He shpied ould mither Fox.

"Have ye the pot a-bilin'?"
  Says he to ould Fox thin;
"Shure an' it is, me child," says she;
  "Have ye the small Rid Hin?"

"Yes, jist here in me bag,
  As shure as I shtand here;
Open the lid till I pit her in:
  Open it--niver fear."

So the rashkill cut the sthring,
  An' hild the big bag over;
"Now when I shake it in," says he,
  "Do ye pit on the cover."

"Yis, that I will;" an' thin
  The shtone wint in wid a dash,
An' the pot o' bilin' wather
  Came over them ker-splash.

An' schalted 'em both to death,
  So they couldn't brathe no more;
An' the little small Rid Hin lived safe,
  Jist where she lived before.

THE WEE WEE MAN

--Scot Ballad

As I was walking all alone,
  Between a water and a wa',
And there I spy'd a wee wee man,
  And he was the least that ere I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's* length,
(heavy) And thick and thimber was his thighs,
Between his brows there was a span,
  And between his shoulders there was three.

---

* Measure from the point of the extended thumb to the extremity of the palm, six inches.

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see,
(strong) Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna liften't to my knee.

O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
O tell me where thy dwelling be?
My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower;
And will you go with me and see?

(leapt) On we lap awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
(feed) We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a'clad out in green,
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we came to the stair foot,
(slender) Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

WALTZING MATILDA

--Australian Folk Song

Once a wily swagman [1] rested by a billabong [2]
All in the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he sat and watched until his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda [3] with me!"
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
And he sang as he sat and watched until his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

---

1 Tramp
2 water hole
3 tramping from place to place carrying swag, i.e., bundle containing what could be stolen or begged.

Then appeared a jumbuck [1] drinking at the billabong,
Quick moved the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
Whistled he to himself, with that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
Whistled he to himself, with that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Then he looked up and looked into a rifle's mouth,
Found himself surrounded by troopers three:
"Give up that jumbuck tied inside your tuckerbag!
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
"Give up that jumbuck tied inside your tuckerbag!
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Out the wily swagman dived into the billabong,
"You'll never take me alive," cried he.
Now still may be heard, in the breezes off that billabong,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
Now still may be heard, in the breezes off that billabong,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE [2]

by John Townsend Trowbridge

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try, --

---

1 sheep

2 Reprinted by courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company from THE POETICAL WORKS OF TROWBRIDGE.

If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer, --age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean, --
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry, --for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too.
  Till his nose seemed bent
    To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And wrinkled cheeks and squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
    And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Daedalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
  Upon their backs
  Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacks.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That air was also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
  We soon or late
  Should navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
  And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

  "The birds can fly,
  An' why can't I?
  Must we give in,"
  Says he with a grin,

" 'T the bluebird an' phoebe
Are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller'
And blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that!
Er prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down; an' not till then!"

He argued further: "Ner I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumblebee,
Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me;--
Ain't my business
Importanter'n his'n is?

"That Icarus
Was a silly cuss,--
Him an' his daddy Daedalus.
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stan' sun-heat an' hard whacks.
I'll make mine o' luther,
Er suthin' er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand.
They'd 'a' laft an' made fun
O' Creation itself afore 't was done!"
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;--
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and pair of bellows;
An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work, --
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through
cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
And a bucket of water, which one would think
He brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh
For Darius was sly!
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly.
"Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
And he sings as he locks
His big strong box:--

SONG

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An' ef yeou'll be
Advised by me,
Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 't was done, --
The greatest invention under the sun!
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'T was the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by:
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen

For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.
Thought cunning Darius: "Now I sha'n't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'are all gone off,
  I'll hev full swing
  Fer to try the thing,
An' practyse a leetle on the wing."
"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says Brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold--a toothache--I--
My gracious!--feel's though I should fly!"

  Said Jotham, " 'Sho!
  Guess ye better go."
  But Darius said, "No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, if I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said:

  "I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how't seems, then soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
  I'll astonish the nation,
  An' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below:
  'What world's this 'ere
  That I've come near?'
Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon!
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon."

  He crept from his bed;
And seeing the others were gone, he said,
"I'm a gittin' over the cold'n my head."
  And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,

"What on airth is he up to, hey?"
"Don'o',--the' 's suthin' er other to pay,
Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!
Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they crept back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
  And there they hid;
  And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and door undid.
  "Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,--
  From head to foot
  An iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
  And under the chin the bail,--
I believe they called the thing a helm:
And the lid they carried they called a shield;
And, thus accoutred, they took the field,
Sallying forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm:--
  So this modern knight
  Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light;
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,--
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head like those of yore,
  But more like the helm of a ship.

  "Hush!" Reuben said.
  "He's up in the shed!

He's opened the winder, --I see his head!
  He streches it out,
  An' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
  An' nobody near:--
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He's a climbin' out now--Of all the things!
What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that.
Fer to see'f the's any one passin' by:
But the's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see. . . The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
  Flop--flop--an' plump
  To the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere, --
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels. --
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings
Broken braces and broken springs.
Broken tail and broken wings.
Shooting-stars, and various things, --
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
  'Tis a merry roar
  From the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
"Say D'rius! how de yeou like flyin?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.

"Wall, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said: 'but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

Moral.

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral, --Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is, --Take care how you light.

HOW WE LOGGED KATAHDIN STREAM [1]

by Daniel Hoffman

Come all ye river-drivers, if a tale you wish to hear
The likes for strength and daring all the North Woods has no peer.
'Twas the summer of 1860 when we took a brave ox team
And a grand bully band of braggarts up to log Katahdin Stream.

Bold Gattigan was foreman, he's the pride of Bangor's Town,
And there was no other like Chauncey for to mow the great pines down;
Joe Murphraw was the swamper, with Canada Jacques Dupree.
We'd the best camp cook in the wilderness--I know, for it was me.

We left from Millinocket on such a misty day
We dulled our axes chopping the fog to clear ourselves a way,
Till at last we reached the bottom of Mount Katahdin's peaks supreme
And vowed that we within the week would clear Katahdin Stream.

O, Chauncey chopped and Murph he swamped and Canada Jacques did swear,
Bold Gattigan goaded the oxen on and shouted and tore his hair,
Till the wildwood rang with "Timber!" as the forest monarchs fell,

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[1] By permission of Temple University Publications.

And the air was split with echoes of our axe-blows and our yell.

For six whole days and twenty-three hours we threshed the
forest clean--
The logs we skidded by hundreds, O, such a drive was never
seen!
We worked clear round the mountain, and rejoiced to a jovial
strain,
When what did we see but that forest of trees was a-growing
in again!
Then all of a sudden the mountain heaved, and thunder spoke
out of the earth!
"Who's walking around in my beard?" it cried, and it rumbled
as though in mirth.
The next we knew, a hand appeared--no larger than Moosehead
Lake--
And it plucked us daintily one by one, while we with fear did
quake!

Paul Bunyan held us in one hand! With the other he rubbed his
chin.
"Well I'll be swamped! You fellers have logged my beard right
down to the skin!"
"We thought you was Mount Katahdin," Gattigan shouted into
his ear,
"We're sorry, but 'twouldn't have happened if the weather had
been clear."

Well, good old Paul didn't mind it at all. He paid us for the
shave--
A hundred dollars apiece to the men, to the oxen fodder he gave.
And now, ye young river-drivers, fill your glasses--fill mine
too--
And we'll drink to the health of Bold Gattigan, and his gallant
lumbering crew!

WESTERN WAGONS [1]

by Stephen Vincent Benet

They went with axe and rifle, when the trail was still to blaze,
They went with wife and children, in the prairie schooner days,
With banjo and with frying pan--Susanna, don't you cry!
For I'm off to California to get rich out there or die!

We've broken land and cleared it, but we're tired of where we are.
They say that wild Nebraska is a better place by far.
There's gold in far Wyoming, there's black earth in Ioway,
So pack up the kids and blankets, for we're moving out today.

The cowards never started and the weak died on the road,
And all across the continent the endless campfires glowed.
We'd taken land and settled--but a traveler passed by--
And we're going West tomorrow--Lordy, never ask us why!

We're going West tomorrow, where the promise can't fail.
O'er the hills in legions, boy, and crowd the dusty trail!
We shall starve and freeze and suffer. We shall die, and tame
the lands.
But we're going West tomorrow, with our fortune in our hands.

COUNT ARNALDOS [2]

--Medieval Castilian lyric, translated by Richard Beaumont

Whoever could have had such fortune--
On the waters of the sea,
As came unto the Count Arnaldos
The morn of Saint John's day!
With falcon sitting on his gauntlet,
He'd gone to hunt for game,
When he espied a ship approaching,
Trying to make the shore.
Its sails all of silk were fashioned,

---

[1] WESTERN WAGONS by Stephen Vincent Benet
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Its shrouds of gossamer gold,
And the sailor at the galley's tiller
Was singing a song as he came,
That made the waves lie smooth and placid,
And winds sink down to a lull,
And fish that swim in the dark abysses
It made to swim to the top,
And the birds that overhead were flying
It made to perch on the mast.
Then up and spoke the Count Arnaldos,
Plain shall you hear his words:
"For God's sake, I do beg you, Sailor,
Now teach to me this song."
To him the sailor made his answer,
This answer then gave he:
"I teach this song of mine to no one
But him who comes with me."

THE BOLL WEEVIL [1]

--A gifted, but unknown Negro poet
adapted and arranged by John A. and Alan Lomax

O have you heard de lates',
De lates' of de songs?
It's about dem little boll weevils
Picked up bofe feet an' gone,
CHORUS: A-lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home,
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home.

De boll weevil is a little black bug
F'um Mexico, dey say,
He come to try dis Texas soil
An' thought he'd better stay,
CHORUS: A-lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home,
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home.

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[1] From THE PENGUIN BOOK OF AMERICAN FOLK SONGS, edited by A. Lomax and E. Poston, published by Penguin Books, Ltd. Reprinted by permission.

De fus' time I seen de boll weevil
He was settin' on de square,
De nex' time I saw de boll weevil
He had all his family dere--
CHORUS: Dey's lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home,
Dey's lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home.

De fus' time I seen de boll weevil
He was on the western plain,
Nex' time I seen de boll weevil,
He had hopped dat Memphis train,
CHORUS: Lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home,
Lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home.

De farmer took de boll weevil
An' buried him in hot sand;
De boll weevil say to de farmer,
"I'll stand it like a man,
CHORUS: For it is my home,
It is my home,
For it is my home,
It is my home."

Den de farmer took de boll weevil
An' lef' him on de ice;
De boll weevil say to de farmer,
"Dis is mighty cool an' nice.
CHORUS: O it is-a my home,
It is my home,
O it is-a my home,
It is my home.

Mr. Farmer took little weevil
An' fed him on paris green;
"Thank you, Mr. Farmer,
It's the best I ever seen.
CHORUS: It is my home,
It's jes' my home,
It is my home,
It's jes' my home."

De boll weevil say to de farmer,
"You better lemme 'lone,
I et up all yo' cotton,
An' now I'll begin on de co'n,
CHORUS: I'll have a home,
I'll have a home,
I'll have a home,
I'll have a home."

De Merchant got half de cotton,
De boll weevil got de rest;
Didn't leave de po' ol' farmer
But one old cotton dress;
CHORUS: An' it's full o' holes,
Oh, it's full o' holes,
An' it's full o' holes,
Oh, it's full o' holes.

De farmer say to de merchant,
"I ain't made but one bale,
But befo' I'll give you dat one
I'll fight an' go to jail,
CHORUS: I'll have a home,
I'll have a home,
I'll have a home,
I'll have a home."

Ef anybody axes you
Who wuz it writ dis song,
Tell 'em 'twas a dark-skinned farmer
Wid a pair o' blue duckin's on,
CHORUS: A-lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home,
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes' a-lookin' for a home.

JOHNNY APPLESEED [1]

by Rosemary Carr Benet

Of Jonathan Chapman
Two things are known,
That he loved apples,
That he walked alone.

At seventy-odd
He was as gnarled as could be,
But ruddy and sound
As a good apple tree.

For fifty years over
Of harvest and dew,
He planted his apples
Where no apples grew.

The winds of the prairie
Might blow through his rags,
But he carried his seeds
In the best deerskin bags.

From old Ashtabula
To frontier Fort Wayne,
He planted and pruned
And he planted again.

He had not a hat
To encumber his head.
He wore a tin pan
On his white hair instead.

He nested with owls,
And with bear-cub and possum,
And knew all his orchards
Root, tendril and blossom.

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[1] FROM: A BOOK OF AMERICANS by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. Copyright, 1933, by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet; Copyright renewed © 1961, by Rosemary Carr Benet. Reprinted by permission of Brandt & Brandt.

A fine old man,
As ripe as a pippin,
His heart still light,
And his step still skipping.

The stalking Indian,
The beast in his lair
Did not hurt
While he was there.

For they could tell,
As wild things can,
That Jonathan Chapman
Was God's own man.

Why did he do it?
We do not know.
He wished that apples
Might root and grow.

He has no statue.
He has no tomb.
He has his apple trees
Still in bloom.

Consider, consider,
Think well upon
The marvelous story
Of Appleseed John.

CASEY AT THE BAT

by Ernest Lawrence Thayer

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but one inning left to play.
So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put even money now, with Casey at bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudd'n, and the latter was a fake.

So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat;
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all.
And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell--
It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped;
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on the stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered
"Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville--mighty Casey has struck out!

DANIEL BOONE [1]

by Arthur Guiterman

Daniel Boone at twenty-one
Came with his tomahawk, knife and gun
Home from the French and Indian War
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore.
He married his maid with a golden band,
Builded his house and cleared his land;
But the deep woods claimed their son again
And he turned his face from the homes of men.
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,
The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,
Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath,
He made his way on the Warrior's Path.
Alone he trod the shadowed trails;
But he was lord of a thousand vales
As he roved Kentucky, far and near,
Hunting the buffalo, elk and deer.
What joy to see, what joy to win
So fair a land for his kith and kin,
Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!
"Elbowroom!" laughed Daniel Boone.

On the Wilderness Road that his axmen made
The settlers flocked to the first stockade;
The deerskin shirts and the coonskin caps
Filed through the glens and the mountain gaps;
And hearts were high in the fateful spring
When the land said "Nay!" to the stubborn king.
While the men of the East of farm and town
Strove with the troops of the British Crown,
Daniel Boone from a surge of hate
Guarded a nation's westward gate.
Down on the fort in a wave of flame

---

[1] From the book I SING THE PIONEER by Arthur Guiterman. Copyright, 1926, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Renewal, 1954, by Mrs. Vida Lindo Guiterman. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

The Shawnee horde and the Mingo came,
And the stout logs shook in a storm of lead;
But Boone stood firm and the savage fled.
Peace! And the settlers flocked anew,
The farm lands spread, and the town lands grew;
But Daniel Boone was ill at ease
When he saw the smoke in his forest trees.
"There'll be no game in the country soon.
Elbowroom!" cried Daniel Boone.

Straight as a pine at sixty-five--
Time enough for a man to thrive--
He launched his bateau on Ohio's breast
And his heart was glad as he oared it west;
There were kindly folk and his own true blood
Where great Missouri rolls his flood;
New woods, new streams, and room to spare,
And Daniel Boone found comfort there.
Yet far he ranged toward the sunset still,
Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill,
And the prairies toss, by the south wind blown;
And he killed his bear on the Yellowstone.
But ever he dreamed of new domains
With vaster woods and wider plains;
Ever he dreamed of a world-to-be
Where there are no bounds and the soul is free.
At four-score-five, still stout and hale,
He heard a call to a farther trail;
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn;
"Elbowroom!" sighed Daniel Boone.

Down the Milky Way in its banks of blue
Far he has paddled his white canoe
To the splendid quest of the tameless soul--
He has reached the goal where there is no goal.
Now he rides and rides an endless trail
On the Hippogriff of the flaming tail
Or the Horse of the Stars with the golden mane,
As he rode the first of the blue-grass strain.
The joy that lies in the Search he seeks
On breathless hills with crystal peaks;
He makes his camp on heights untrod,
The steps of the Shrine, alone with God.
Through the woods of the vast, on the plains of Space
He hunts the pride of the Mammoth race
And the Dinosaur of the triple horn,
And Manticore and the Unicorn,

As once by the broad Missouri's flow
He followed the elk and the buffalo.
East of the Sun and west of the Moon,
"Elbowroom!" laughs Daniel Boone.

THE OREGON TRAIL: 1843 [1]

by Arthur Guiterman

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Breaking through the gopher holes, lurching wide and free,
Crawling up the mountain pass, jolting, grumbling, rumbling on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling to the sea.

From East and South and North they flock, to muster, row on row,
A fleet of ten-score prairie ships beside Missouri's flow.
The bullwhips crack, the oxen strain, the canvas-hooded files
Are off upon the long, long trail of sixteen hundred miles.

The women hold the guiding-lines; beside the rocking steers
With goad and ready rifle walk the bearded pioneers
Through clouds of dust beneath the sun, through floods of sweeping rain
Across the Kansas prairie land, across Nebraska's plain.

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon
Curved around the campfire flame at halt when day is done,
Rest awhile beneath the stars, yoke again and lumber on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling with the sun.

Among the barren buttes they wind beneath the jealous view
Of Blackfoot, Pawnee, Omaha, Arapahoe, and Sioux.
No savage threat may check their course, no river deep and wide;
They swim the Platte, they ford the Snake, they cross the Great Divide.

They march as once from India's vales through Asia's mountain door
With shield and spear on Europe's plain their fathers marched before.
They march where leap the antelope and storm the buffalo
Still Westward as their fathers marched ten thousand years ago.

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[1] From the book I SING THE PIONEER by Arthur Guiterman. Copyright, 1926, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Renewal, 1954, by Mrs. Vida Lindo Guiterman. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon
Creeping down the dark defile below the mountain crest,
Surging through the brawling stream, lunging, plunging, forging on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling toward the West.

Now toils the dusty caravan with swinging wagon-poles
Where Walla Walla pours along, where broad Columbia rolls.
The long-haired trapper's face grows dark and scowls the painted
brave;
Where now the beaver builds his dam the wheat and rye shall wave.

The British trader shakes his head and weighs his nation's loss,
For where those hardy settlers come the Stars and Stripes will toss,
Then block the wheels, unyoke the steers; the prize is his who dares;
The cabins rise, the fields are sown, and Oregon is theirs!

They will take, they will hold,
By the spade in the mold,
By the seed in the soil,
By the sweat and the toil,
By the plow in the loam,
By the School and the Home!

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Two hundred wagons, ranging free and far,
Two hundred wagons, rumbling, grumbling, rolling on,
Two hundred wagons, following a star!

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY [1]

by W. B. Yeats

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Mocharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

---

[1] Reprinted from W. B. Yeats, COLLECTED POEMS. Copyright 1950 by The Macmillan Company. Copyright 1940 by Georgie Yeats. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

When we come at the end of time
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
And dance like a wave of the sea.

JOHN HENRY [1]

--adapted and arranged by John A. and Alan Lomax

John Henry was a little baby,
Sittin' on his mammy's knee,
Said, "The Big Bend tunnel on the C. & O. road
Gonna be the death of me
Lawd, Lawd gonna be the death of me."

John Henry was a little baby,
Sittin' on his daddy's knee,
Point his finger at a little piece of steel,
"That's gonna be the death of me,
Lawd, Lawd, that's gonna be the death of me."

John Henry had a little woman
And her name was Mary Magdalene,
She would go to the tunnel and sing for John
Jes' to hear John Henry's hammer ring,
Lawd, Lawd, jes' to hear John Henry's hammer ring.

John Henry had a little woman
And her name was Polly Anne,
John Henry took sick and he had to go to bed,

---

1 From THE PENGUIN BOOK OF AMERICAN FOLK SONGS, edited by A. Lomax and E. Poston, published by Penguin Books, Ltd. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Polly Anne drove steel like a man,
Lawd, Lawd, Polly Anne drove steel like a man.

Cap'n says to John Henry,
"Gonna bring me a steam drill 'round,
Gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
Gonna whop that steel on down,
Lawd, Lawd, gonna whop that steel on down."

John Henry told his cap'n,
Said, "A man ain't nothin' but a man,
And befo' I'd let that steam drill beat me down
I'd die with this hammer in my hand,
Lawd, Lawd, I'd die with the hammer in my hand."

Sun were hot and burnin',
Weren't no breeze atall,
Sweat ran down like water down a hill,
That day John let his hammer fall,
Lawd, Lawd, that day John let his hammer fall.

John Henry said to his shaker,
"Shaker, why don't you sing?
I'm throwin' twelve pounds from my hips on down,
Jes' lissen to the cold steel ring,
Lawd, Lawd, jes' lissen to the cold steel ring."

O the cap'n told John Henry,
"I b'lieve this mountain's sinkin' in,"
John Henry said to his cap'n, "O my,
It's my hammer just a-hossin' in the wind,
Lawd, Lawd, it's my hammer just a-hossin' in the wind."

John Henry told his shaker,
"Shaker, you better pray,
For, if I miss this six-foot steel
Tomorrow be yo' buryin' day,
Lawd, Lawd, tomorrow be yo' buryin' day."

John Henry told his captain,
"Looky yonder what I see--
Yo' drill's done broke an' yo' hole's done choke,
An' you can't drive steel like me,
Lawd, Lawd, an' you can't drive steel like me."

John Henry was hammerin' on the mountain,
An' his hammer was strikin' fire,

He drove so hard till he broke his pore heart
An' he lied down his hammer an' he died,
Lawd, Lawd, he lied down his hammer an' he died.

They took John Henry to the graveyard
An' they buried him in the sand
An' ev'ry locomotive come roarin' by,
Says, "There lays a steel drivin' man,"
Lawd, Lawd, says, "There lays a steel drivin' man."

John Henry had a little woman,
An' the dress she wore was blue,
She went walkin' down the track and she never looked
back,
Said, "John Henry, I've been true to you,
Lawd, Lawd, John Henry, I've been true to you."

"Now who's gonna shoe your little feetses?
An' who's gonna glove your hands?
An' who's gonna kiss yo' red, rosy lips?
An' who's gonna be your man,
Lawd, Lawd, who's gonna be your man?"

"O my mama's gonna shoe my little feetses,
An' my papa's gonna glove my hands,
An' my sister's gonna kiss my red, rosy lips,
An' I don't need no man,
Lawd, Lawd, an' I don't need no man." [1]

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS [2]

by Leigh Hunt

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom
he sighed:

---

1 The last two stanzas are ancient ones which appear in several Scottish ballads. This remarkable poem is the result of the cooperation of many singers, dead and living, of European and African descent. "John Henry" is probably the finest of all American ballads.

2 Reprinted from ONE THOUSAND POEMS FOR CHILDREN by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist by permission of the publisher, Macrae Smith Company.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with
their paws,
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the
same;
She thought: "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me.
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine.
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and
smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"By heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where
he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

THE KING'S HUNT IS UP

by Gray of Reading

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grass is green, and so are the treen,
All laughing with the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free;
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of hey tantara tee ree!

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he riseth high
To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,
Be merry as you may;
For Harry our king is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay.

THE BALLAD OF RED FOX [1]

by Melvin Walker La Follette

Yellow sun yellow
Sun yellow sun,
When, oh, when
Will red fox run?

When the hollow horn shall sound,
When the hunter lifts his gun
And liberates the wicked hound,
Then, oh, then shall red fox run.

Yellow sun yellow
Sun yellow sun,
Where, oh, where
Will red fox run?

Through meadows hot as sulphur,
Through forests cool as clay,
Through hedges crisp as morning
And grasses limp as day.

Yellow sky yellow
Sky yellow sky,
How, oh, how
Will red fox die?

---

[1] Reprinted by permission; Copr. ©1952 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

With a bullet in his belly,
A dagger in his eye,
And blood upon his red red brush
Shall red fox die.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian

Reeled from the saber-stroke
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

CLIPPER SHIPS AND CAPTAINS [1]

by Stephen Vincent Benet

There was a time before our time,
It will not come again,
When the best ships still were wooden ships,
But the men were iron men.

From Stonington to Kennebunk
The Yankee hammers plied,
To build the clippers of the wave
That were New England's pride.

The "Flying Cloud" the "Northern Light,"
The "Sovereign of the Seas"--
There was salt music in the blood
That thought of names like these.

---

[1] CLIPPER SHIPS AND CAPTAINS by Stephen Vincent Benet FROM: A BOOK OF AMERICANS by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet

"Sea Witch" "Red Jacket," "Golden Age,"
And "Chariot of Fame"--
The whole world gaped to look at them
Before the steamship came.

Their cargos were of tea and gold,
And their bows a cutting blade;
And, on the poop, the skippers walked,
Lords of the China trade;

The skippers with the little beards
And the New England drawl,
We knew Hong Kong and Marblehead
And the Pole Star over all.

Stately as churches, swift as gulls,
They trod the oceans, then;
No man had seen such ships before
And none will see again.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
    Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road, and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
    Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
    Reach the dust cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
    Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
    Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
    Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
    Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown
He was wandering, lost, alone,
    Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
    Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
    He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
    Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
    "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
    Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
    Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
    Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Solf as woman's hair thy mane,
    Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine,
    Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet.
    Paused a moment on the verge,

Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
    Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
    Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
    Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
    Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
    As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
    Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
    Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
    Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
    As this Robber Kurroglou!"

THE LISTENERS [1]

by Walter de la Mare

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
    Knocking at the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
    Of the forest's ferny floor:

---

[1] Permission to include this poem has been granted by The Literary Trustees of Walter de la Mare and The Society of Authors as their representative.

And a bird flew up out of the turret,
    Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
    "Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
    No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
    Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
    That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
    To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair
    That goes down the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
    By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
    Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropped the dark turf,
    'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
    Louder, and lifted his head:--
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
    That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
    Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
    From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
    And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
    When the plunging hoofs were gone.

EDWARD, EDWARD

Anonymous

Why dois your brand sae drap wi' bluid,
        Edward, Edward?
Why dois your brand sae drap wi' bluid?
    And why sae sad gang yee, O?
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
        Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid;
    And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid;
Edward, Edward.
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid;
My deir son I tell thee, O.
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and frie, O.

Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ye drie, O.
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And whatten penance wul ye drie for that?
Edward, Edward.
And whatten penance wul ye drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O.
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, mither:
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And what wul ye doe wi' your towirs and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye doe wi' your towirs and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea, O?
The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
My deir son, now tell me, O.
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gave to me, O.

I. A Song for the Intangible

--Edwin Muir

These poems deal with the great questions of human life, with religion, love, death, and the human spirit. They are serious poems, many of them are difficult, and they do not have to be articulately understood by the children. No man has ever really understood everything about the subjects they deal with, but nearly all of us are interested in them. The teacher will have to choose the moment for presenting these poems to her children, but it needs only to be a moment of curiosity or of delight in verbal beauty--it does not have to be solemn.

MY GIFT

by Christina Georgina Rossetti

What can I give Him
Poor as I am,
If I were a shepherd,
I would give Him a lamb.
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part.
But what can I give Him?
I will give my heart.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL[1]

by Eleanor Farjeon

Over the garden wall
Where unseen children play,
Somebody threw a ball
One fine summer day;
I caught it as it came
Straight from the hand unknown
Playing a happy game
It would not play alone.

---

1 "Over the Garden Wall" from POEMS FOR CHILDREN by Eleanor Farjeon. Copyright 1933, © 1961 by Eleanor Farjeon. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

A pretty ball with bands
Of gold and stars of blue;
I turned it in my hands
And wondered, then I threw
Over the garden wall
Again the treasure round--
And somebody caught the ball
With a laughing sound.

THE GOAT PATHS[1]

by James Stephens

1

The crooked paths
Go every way
Upon the hill
--They wind about
Through the heather,
In and out
Of a quiet
Sunniness.

And the goats,
Day after day,
Stray
In sunny
Quietness;
Cropping here,
And cropping there
--As they pause,
And turn,
And pass--
Now a bit
Of heather spray,
Now a mouthful
Of the grass.

2

In the deeper
Sunniness;
In the place
Where nothing stirs;

---

1 From James Stephens, COLLECTED POEMS, The Macmillan Company. Copyright 1954 by The Macmillan Company. Copyright 1954 by Cynthia Stephens. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Quietly
In quietness;
In the quiet
Of the furze
They stand awhile;
They dream;
They lie;
They stare
Upon the roving sky.

If you approach
They run away!
They will stare,
And stamp,
And bound,
With a sudden angry sound,
To the sunny
Quietude;
To crouch again,
Where nothing stirs,
In the quiet
Of the furze:
To crouch them down again,
And brood.
In the sunny solitude.

Were I but
As free
As they,
I would stray
Away
And brood;
I would beat
A hidden way,
Through the quiet
Heather spray,
To a sunny Solitude.

And should you come
I'd run away!
I would make an angry sound,
I would stare,
And stamp,
And bound
To the deeper

Quietude;
To the place
Where nothing stirs
In the quiet
Of the furze.

4

In that airy
Quietness
I would dream
As long as they:
Through the quiet
Sunniness
I would stray
Away
And brood,
All among
The heather spray,
In the sunny
Solitude.

--I would think
Until I found
Something
I can never find;
--something
Lying
On the ground,
In the bottom
Of my mind.

THE OLD COACH ROAD[1]

by Rachel Field

There's hardly a wheel rut left to show
The way the coach road used to go.
Trees straddle it and berries grow
Where the coaches rumbled long ago,
And horses' hoofs struck sparks of light,
Many a frosty winter night.

---

1 "The Old Coach Road," copyright 1926 by Doubleday & Company, Inc., from TAXIS AND TOADSTOOLS, by Rachel Field. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

Here gypsy faces, lean and tan,
Peered from some lumbering caravan,
Or peddlers passed with bulging packs
And sheep with sun aslant their backs.
Now, only berry pickers push
Their way through thorn and elder bush--
But sometimes of a night, they say,
Wheels have been heard to pass that way.

CRY

It is so distant
It all is too distant . . .
The star going by, dead for a thousand years:
The car going by, someone talking in it,
    Saying terrible things to my ears;
The clock moving by, striking, striking, striking.
Where is it striking? Who?
I would like to walk from myself
And pray . . .
Walk to the one, last burning star itself
The one which still fires its own light
The last white city in the heaven's dead bright.

(Rilke)

I BUILT MYSELF A HOUSE OF GLASS[1]

by Edward Thomas

I built myself a house of glass:
It took me years to make it:
And I was proud. But now, alas!
Would God someone would break it.
But it looks too magnificent.
No neighbour casts a stone
From where he dwells, in tenement
Or palace of glass, alone.

---

[1] Acknowledgment for the use of "I Built Myself a House of Glass" is made to Mrs. Edward Thomas and to Faber and Faber, Ltd., publishers of the Collected Poems of Edward Thomas.

"THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS . . ."

by Thomas Moore

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

ADAM LAY CHAINED

Adam lay down--chained,
Chained down in a chain;
For four thousand winters--
Yet, time flew in his brain.

The cause was an apple,
An apple that he took;
It all has been told
In the big, scholar's book.

Had the apple not been plucked,
The apple not been seen
Our lady had never made it
As heaven's great queen.

Blessings on the time
Of the apple's great fall;
Now we all can sing
"Thanks"--to heaven's hall.

THE SHEPHERD LEFT BEHIND[1]

by Mildred Plew Meigs

"The hour is late," the shepherds said,
"And the miles are long to wind;
Do you stay here with the sheep, instead!"
And they left the lad behind.
He heard their feet in the dark ravine,
The drop of the sheepfold bars,
And then blue stillness flowed between
The huddled sheep and stars.
He sat him down to wait for dawn,
His crook across his knees,
And thought of the shepherds moving on
Under the olive trees.
Herding his flocks in Palestine,
He thought, that lad of old,
How some must follow the Angel's sign
And some must tend the fold.
And as he mused he took his pipe--
'Twas a shepherd's pipe he had--
And there, while the frosty stars grew ripe,
And shone on the shepherd lad,
The first sweet Christmas carol twined
From the willow's slender stem--
Blown by the shepherd left behind
To a Babe in Bethlehem.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

---

1 From Child Life Magazine, Copyright 1933, 1961 by Rand McNally & Company. By permission of Mrs. Marion Plew Ruckel.

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

EGYPT'S MIGHT IS TUMBLED DOWN

by Mary Coleridge

Egypt's might is tumbled down
    Down a-down the deeps of thought;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
    Venice's pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed
    Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
    These remain.

ALL BUT BLIND[1]

by Walter de la Mare

All but blind
    In his chambered hole
Gropes for worms
    The four-clawed Mole.

All but blind
    In the evening sky,
The hooded Bat
    Twirls softly by.

All but blind
    In the burning day
The Barn-Owl blunders
    On her way.

---

[1] Permission to include this poem has been granted by The Literary Trustees of Walter de la Mare and The Society of Authors as their representative.

And blind as are
These three to me,
So, blind to Some-one
I must be.

LEISURE[1]

by William H. Davies

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep and cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hid their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

OUTSIDE[2]

by William Stafford

The least little sound sets the coyotes walking,
walking the edge of our comfortable earth.
We look inward, but all of them
are looking toward us as they walk the earth.

---

1 Copyright © 1963 by Jonathan Cape Limited. Reprinted from THE COMPLETE POEMS OF W. H. DAVIES by permission of Wesleyan University Press.

2 "Outside," from West of Your City, copyright 1960 by William Stafford; reprinted by permission of the author.

We need to let animals loose in our houses,
the wolf to escape with a pan in his teeth,
and streams of animals toward the horizon
racing with something silent in each mouth.

For all we have taken into our keeping
and polished with our hands belongs to a truth
greater than ours, in the animals' keeping.
Coyotes are circling around our truth.

OUT IN THE DARK[1]

by Edward Thomas

Out in the dark over the snow
The fallow fawns invisible go
With the fallow doe;
And the winds blow
Fast as the stars are slow.

Stealthily the dark haunts round
And, when the lamp goes, without sound
At a swifter bound
Than the swiftest hound,
Arrives, and all else is drowned;

And I and star and wind and deer,
Are in the dark together, --near,
Yet far, --and fear
Drums on my ear
In that sage company drear.

How weak and little is the light,
All the universe of sight,
Love and delight,
Before the might,
If you love it not, of night.

---

1 Acknowledgment for the use of "Out in the Dark" is made to Mrs. Edward Thomas and to Faber and Faber, Ltd., publishers of the Collected Poems of Edward Thomas.

"ALL DAY I HEAR THE NOISE OF WATERS . . ."[1]

by James Joyce

All day I hear the noise of waters
Making moan,
Sad as the sea-bird is, when going
Forth alone,
He hears the winds cry to the waters'
Monotone.

The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing
Where I go.
I hear the noise of many waters
Far below.
All day, all night, I hear them flowing
To and fro.

"BUFFALO BILL'S . . ."[2]

by E. E. Cummings

Buffalo Bill's
defunct
who used to
ride a watersmooth-silver
stallion
and break onetwothreefourfive pigeonsjustlikethat
Jesus
he was a handsome man
and what i want to know is
how do you like your blueeyed boy
Mister Death

---

1 From COLLECTED POEMS by James Joyce. Copyright 1918 by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1946 by Nora Joyce. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

2 Copyright, 1923, 1951, by E. E. Cummings. Reprinted from his volume POEMS 1923-1954 by permission of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

MUSIC

by Ralph Waldo Emerson

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young;
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There always, always something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings.

A PINE TREE IN THE NORTH

A pine tree in the north sleeps--
--On cold bare giant peaks
Covered with ice, snow, freeze--
Sleeps the white sleep;

And it dreams of the south's lands--
Of hot, dry, thin palms--sands;
It cries in the black night
Against deserts and heat of light.

(Heine)

UP-HILL

by Christina Rossetti

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

"FRET NOT THYSELF BECAUSE OF EVILDOERS . . ."

Psalm 37

Fret not thyself because of evildoers,
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.
For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.
I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green bay tree.
Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
Trust in the Lord, and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land,
And verily thou shalt be fed.

ULTIMATE PROBLEMS[1]

by William Stafford

In the Aztec design God crowds
into the little pea that is rolling
out of the picture.
All the rest extends bleaker
because God has gone away.

---

[1] "Ultimate Problems," from Five Poets of the Pacific Northwest, copyright 1964 by The University of Washington Press; reprinted by permission of the author.

In the White Man design, though,
no pea is there.
God is everywhere,
but hard to see.
The Aztecs frown at this.

How do you know He is everywhere?
And how did He get out of the pea?

Riddle #66: CREATION[1]

(Translated by Burton Raffel)

I am greater than all this world, smaller
Than the smallest worm; I walk more softly
Than the moon, swifter than the sun. I hold
Oceans and seas in my arms; the earth's
Green fields lie on my breast. I touch
Endless depths, deeper than hell,
And reach higher than Heaven, further than
The stars and the angels' home. I fill
The earth, the world, and its rushing waters
With myself. Say my name, if you know it.

"A NOISELESS, PATIENT SPIDER . . ."

by Walt Whitman

A noiseless, patient spider,
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory it stood, isolated;
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of
itself;
Ever unreeling them--ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, --seeking the
spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd--till the
ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O
my Soul.

---

[1] Reprinted from Poems from the Old English, translated by Burton Raffel, by permission of the University of Nebraska Press. Copyright © 1960, 1964 by the University of Nebraska Press.

OLD SHIPS[1]

by David Morton

There is a memory stays upon old ships,
    A weightless cargo in the musty hold,
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
    Of stormy midnights, and a tale untold.
They have remembered islands in the dawn,
    And windy capes that tried their slender spars,
And tortuous channels where their keels have gone,
And calm blue nights of stillness and the stars.
Ah, never think that ships forget a shore,
    Or bitter seas, or winds that made them wise;
There is a dream upon them, evermore;
    And there be some who say that sunk ships rise
To seek familiar harbors in the night,
    Blowing in mists, their spectral sails like light.

THE COMBAT[2]

by Edwin Muir

It was not meant for human eyes,
That combat on the shabby patch
Of clods and trampled turf that lies
Somewhere beneath the sodden skies
For eye of toad or adder to catch.

And having seen it I accuse
The crested animal in his pride,
Arrayed in all the royal hues
Which have the claws he well can use
To tear the heart out of the side.

Body of leopard, eagle's head
And whetted beak, and lion's mane,
And frost-grey hedge of feathers spread
Behind--he seemed of all things bred.
I shall not see his like again.

---

1 "Old Ships" by David Morton, from SHIPS IN HARBOUR. Reprinted by permission of Mrs. Martha Rutan.

2 "The Combat" from COLLECTED POEMS by Edwin Muir; reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press Inc., New York.

As for his enemy, there came in
A soft round beast as brown as clay;
All rent and patched his wretched skin;
A battered bag he might have been,
Some old used thing to throw away.

Yet he awaited face to face
The furious beast and the swift attack.
Soon over and done. That was no place
Or time for chivalry or for grace.
The fury had him on his back.

And two small paws like hands flew out
To right and left as the trees stood by.
One would have said beyond a doubt
This was the very end of the bout,
But that the creature would not die.

For ere the death-stroke he was gone,
Writhed, whirled, huddled into his den,
Safe somehow there. The fight was done,
And he had lost who had all but won.
But oh his deadly fury then.

A while the place lay blank, forlorn,
Drowsing as in relief from pain.
The cricket chirped, the grating thorn
Stirred, and a little sound was born.
The champions took their posts again.

And all began. The stealthy paw
Slashed out and in. Could nothing save
These rags and tatters from the claw?
Nothing. And yet I never saw
A beast so helpless and so brave.

And now, while the trees stand watching, still
The unequal battle rages there.
The killing beast that cannot kill
Swells and swells in his fury till
You'd almost think it was despair.

CAEDMON'S HYMN

(Translated by Donald Jones)

Now should we carol the sky-realm's King
The might of the Maker, His motive unmoved,
The World-Father's works, as He wrought every wonder,
Lord Eternal, in time's dark dawn.
First He fashioned for children of earth
The sheltering heavens, O Holy Creator;
The middle kingdom then mankind's Keeper,
Lord Eternal, turned to the light
And made it our garden, O God of all might!

GOD'S GRANDEUR[1]

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs--
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

---

[1] From The Complete Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins, published by Oxford University Press. Reprinted by permission of the Publishers.

DEOR[1]

(Translated by Burton Raffel)

(Wayland, a legendary smith whom Nithad had crippled and enslaved, forged himself metal wings, killed Nithad's sons, drugged and violated Nithad's daughter, Beadhild, and flew to safety. Nithad's kingdom was Wermland, now western Sweden.)

Wermland was misery's home for Wayland
The smith, stubborn even in suffering.
Enduring his exile alone, in longing
And wintry sadness, locked in the snows
Of that northern kingdom when Nithad slit
His sinews and trapped a wonderful slave.

That passed, and so may this.

Her brothers' death meant less to Beadhild
Than the tears she shed for herself, seeing
Her belly sprouting and knowing herself
With child, remembering nothing, never
Any man's bride but bearing fruit.

That passed, and so may this.

We've heard that rape in a thousand songs,
And the infinite love which left old Nithad
Tossing sleepless on a bed of regret.

That passed, and so may this.

And Theodoric, once thirty years
The Maerings' ruler, and now no more.

That passed, and so may this.

We've heard them sing the story of Ermric's
Fierceness, who ruled the Gothic folk
Like a savage wolf. His throne was set
In twisted hearts, and hundreds of warriors
Languished in futile dreams of his fall
While waiting, helpless, for what was sure to come.

That passed, and so may this.

---

[1] Reprinted from Poems from the Old English, translated by Burton Raffel, by permission of the University of Nebraska Press.

They sat where Ermric chained them, empty
Of everything life had held, lost
In thoughts of their endless pain. And yet
They could have followed the silent footsteps
Of God, walking over the world,
Shedding mercy and grace to many
And dropping sorrow on a few lost souls.
Of myself I will say that once I sang
For the Heodenings, and held a place
In my master's heart. My name was Deor.
I sang in my good lord's service through many
Winters, until Heorrend won
My honors away, struck his harp
And stole my place with a poet's skill.

That passed, and so may this.

THE LONG SMALL ROOM[1]

by Edward Thomas

The long small room that showed willows in the west
Narrowed up to the end the fireplace filled,
Although not wide. I liked it. No one guessed
What need or accident made them so build.

Only the moon, the mouse and the sparrow peeped
In from the ivy round the casement thick.
Of all they saw and heard there they shall keep
The tale for the old ivy and older brick.

When I look back I am like moon, sparrow, and mouse
That witnessed what they could never understand
Or alter or prevent in the dark house.
One thing remains the same--this my right hand

Crawling crab-like over the clean white page,
Resting awhile each morning on the pillow,
Then once more starting to crawl on towards age.
The hundred last leaves stream upon the willow.

---

1 Acknowledgment for the use of "The Long Small Room" by Edward Thomas is made to Mrs. Edward Thomas and to Faber and Faber Ltd., publishers of the Collected Poems of Edward Thomas.

V. RECOMMENDED POEMS IN CORE TEXTS

A. Time for Poetry (1959 and 1961 editions)

Grade 1:

1. Animals:

Anonymous, "The Squirrel"; p. 56.
Rhoda W. Bacmeister, "Galoshes"; p. 157.
(Animal Stories: Just So Stories: "How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin," "The Elephant's Child.")
Dorothy Baruch, "Cat"; p. 49.
Evelyn Beyer, "Jump or Jiggle"; p. 96.
Maude Burnham, "The Barnyard"; p. 66.
Marchette Chute, "My Dog"; p. 46.
Georgia Roberts Durston, "The Hippopotamus"; p. 75.
Marion Edey and Dorothy Grider, "Trot Along, Pony"; p. 73.
Eleanor Farjeon, "Mrs. Peck-Pigeon"; p. 52.
Rachel Field, "The Animal Store"; p. 48.
Rose Fyleman, "Mice"; p. 55.
(Fables: "The Dog and the Shadow," "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.")
Vachel Lindsay, "The Little Turtle"; p. 63.
Lucy Sprague Mitchell, "The House of the Mouse"; p. 55.
Elizabeth Madox Roberts, "The Rabbit"; p. 57.
(Fanciful Tale: The Tale of Peter Rabbit, Little Black Sambo.)
Elizabeth Madox Roberts, "The Woodpecker"; p. 52.
(Myth: "The Story of the First Woodpecker," "The Story of the First Butterflies.")
Christina Rossetti, "Minnie and Mattie"; p. 67.
Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Cow"; p. 70.
Jane Taylor, "I Love Little Pussy"; p. 48.
(Animal Story: Millions of Cats.)
Alice Wilkins, "The Elephant's Trunk"; p. 74.
Annette Wynne, "Excuse Us, Animals in the Zoo"; p. 74.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Anonymous, "How much wood would a wood-chuck chuck"; p. 117.
Anonymous, "Peter Piper."
Gelett Burgess, "The Purple Cow"; p. 117.
Eliza Lee Follen, "The Little Kittens"; p. 113.
Rose Fyleman, "Jonathan"; p. 127.
Rose Fyleman, "My Donkey"; p. 117.
Edward Lear, "A was once an apple-pie . . ."; p. 97.

Edward Lear, "There Was an Old Man with a beard"; p. 127.
A. A. Milne, "At the Zoo" ; "Halfway Down."
Laura E. Richards, "Eletelephony"; p. 122.
Laura E. Richards, "The Monkeys and the Crocodile"; p. 120.
Laura E. Richards, "The Umbrella Brigade"; p. 158.
William Jay Smith, "The Toaster"; p. 107.

3. Home, Family, Community:

Dorothy Aldis, "Hiding"; p. 107.
Dorothy Aldis, "The Picnic"; p. 103.
Rachel Field, "Picnic Day"; p. 103.
Leroy F. Jackson, "Hippity Hop to Bed"; p. 94.
Abram Bunn Ross, "Two in Bed"; p. 5.
Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Land of Story-books"; p. 108.
Robert Louis Stevenson, "My Shadow"; p. 106.
Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Swing"; p. 102.
Alice Wilkins, "New Shoes"; p. 105.

4. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Elizabeth Madox Roberts, "Firefly"; p. 61.
Robert Louis Stevenson, "Happy Thought"; p. 198.

5. Myself:

Dorothy Aldis, "Little"; p. 5.
Walter de la Mare, "Miss T."; p. 11.
Frances Frost, "The Little Whistler"; p. 105.
Rose Fyleman, "The Dentist"; p. 12.
Zhenya Gay, "The world is full of wonderful smells"; p. 105.
James S. Tippett, "'Sh'"; p. 3.

6. Nature:

Anonymous, "A Centipede"; p. 123.
Anonymous, "The Secret"; p. 51.
Marchette Chute, "Spring Rain"; p. 157.
James Whitcomb Riley, "A Sea-Song from the Shore."
Christina Rossetti, "Who has seen the wind?"; p. 153.

7. People and Places:

Walter de la Mare, "The Cupboard"; p. 7.
Ivy O. Eastwick, "Dark Danny"; p. 14.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Hiawatha's Childhood"; p. 32.
(Animal Stories: Just So Stories: "How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin," "The Elephant's Child.")
James S. Tippett, "Ferry-Boats"; p. 83.
(Adventure Story: Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain.)
Marjorie Seymour Watts, "The Policeman"; p. 12.
(Animal Stories: "How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin," "The Elephant's Child.")

8. Seasonal:

Harry Behn, "Trees"; p. 194.
Rachel Field, "New Year's Day"; p. 188.
Joyce Kilmer, Easter"; p. 194.

Grade 2:

1. Animals:

Mary Austin, "Grizzly Bear"; p. 121.
Dorothy Baruch, "Rabbits"; p. 57.
Marion Edey and Dorothy Grider, "The Ant Village"; p. 66.
(Fables: "The Hare and the Tortoise," "The Ant and the Grasshopper.")
Eleanor Farjeon, "A Kitten"; p. 48.
Edward Lear, "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat"; p. 114.
A. A. Milne, "Furry Bear."
(Adventure Stories: The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins, The Bears on Hemlock Mountain.)
Edith H. Newlin, "Tiger-Cat Tim"; p. 48.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Marion Edey and Dorothy Grider, "So Many Monkeys"; p. 120.
Eugene Field, "The Duel"; p. 113.
Rachel Field, "Taxis"; p. 86.
Wanda Gag, "The A B C Bunny"; p. 97.
Florence Page Jaques, "There Once Was a Puffin"; p. 118.
Ogden Nash, "The Panther."
Laura E. Richards, "Kindness to Animals"; p. 116.
Monica Shannon, "Only My Opinion"; p. 118.

3. Home, Family, Community:

Dorothy Aldis, "Windy Wash Day"; p. 153.
Anonymous, "The Big Clock"; p. 164.
Christopher Morley, "Animal Crackers"; p. 166.

4. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Rose Fyleman, "Have You Watched the Fairies?"; p. 136.
Rose Fyleman, "Yesterday in Oxford Street"; p. 137.
Oliver Herford, "The Elf and the Dormouse"; p. 143.
Ogden Nash, "The Tale of Custard the Dragon."
(Fanciful Story: And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street.)
Winifred Welles, "Behind the Waterfall"; p. 149.
Annette Wynne, "I Keep Three Wishes Ready"; p. 136.

5. Myself:

John Drinkwater, "The Sun"; p. 165.
Muriel Sipe, "Good Morning"; p. 66.
James Stephens, "The White Window"; p. 170.

6. Nature:

Polly Chase Boyden, "Mud"; p. 157.
Amelia Josephine Burr, "Rain in the Night"; p. 158.
Rachel Field, "A Summer Morning"; p. 165.
Robert Frost, "The Pasture"; p. 71.
(Historical Fiction: Caroline and Her Kettle Named Maud.)
Mother Goose, "One misty moisty morning"; p. 156.
Sara Teasdale, "The Falling Star"; p. 169.

7. People and Places:

Anonymous, "Taking Off"; p. 81.
Rowena Bennett, "Boats"; p. 82.
Rowena Bennett, "A Modern Dragon"; p. 78.
Ivy O. Eastwick, "Dark Danny"; p. 14.
(Other Lands and People: Crow Boy.)
Rachel Field, "Whistles"; p. 83.
(Historical Fiction: Caroline and Her Kettle Named Maud.)
Grace Ellen Glaubitz, "Walking."
James Whitcomb Riley, "The Raggedy Man"; p. 9.
Violet Alleyn Storey, "Neighborly"; p. 2.

8. Seasonal:

Rowena Bennett, "Meeting the Easter Bunny"; p. 193.
Rowena Bennett, "Thanksgiving Magic"; p. 177.
Rachel Field, "Hallowe'en."
Nancy Byrd Turner, "Black and Gold"; p. 175.

Grade 3:

1. Animals:

Dorothy Aldis, "The Story of the Baby Squirrel"; p. 56.
Herbert Asquith, "The Hairy Dog"; p. 47.
Mary Austin, "Prairie-Dog Town"; p. 59.
(Animal Story: The Blind Colt.)
Hilda Conkling, "Mouse"; p. 54.
John Farrar, "Chanticleer"; p. 68.
Katherine Tynan, "Chanticleer"; p. 68.
(Fables: Chanticleer and the Fox, "The Musicians of Bremen.")
Edward Lear, "The Duck and the Kangaroo."
(Animal Stories: Just So Stories: "How the Camel Got His Hump," "How the Leopard Got His Spots," "The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo.")
Mary Britton Miller, "Cat"; p. 50.
A. A. Milne, "Puppy and I"; p. 45.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Eliza Lee Follen, "The Little Kittens"; p. 113.

3. Home, Family, Community:

Rose Fyleman, "The Goblin"; p. 142.

4. Nature:

Harry Behn, "Trees"; p. 194.

5. People and Places:

Rowena Bennett, "Boats"; p. 82.
Ivy O. Eastwick, "Timothy Boon"; p. 127.
(Other Lands and People: The Red Balloon.)
Aileen Fisher, "Until We Built a Cabin"; p. 169.
Robert Frost, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"; p. 188.
Arthur Guiterman, "The Pioneer"; p. 33.
Genevieve Taggard, "Millions of Strawberries"; p. 196.
Annette Wynne, "Indian Children"; p. 31.

6. Seasonal:

Marie Louise Allen, "First Snow"; p. 179.
William D. Sargent, "Wind-Wolves"; p. 155.

Robert Louis Stevenson, "Rain"; p. 156.
(Animal Story: The Blind Colt.)

Grade 4:

1. Animals:

Robert Frost, "The Runaway"; p. 73.
(Animal Story: Brighty of the Grand Canyon.)
Carl Sandburg, "Buffalo Dusk"; p. 33.
(Historical Fiction: Little House on the Prairie.)

2. Home, Family, Community:

Abram Bunn Ross, "Two in Bed"; p. 5.

3. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Beatrice Curtis Brown, "Jonathan Bing"; p. 132.
Kenyon Cox, "The Bumblebeaver"; p. 118.
Kenyon Cox, "The Kangarooster"; p. 121.
Kenyon Cox, "The Octopussycat"; p. 119.
Walter de la Mare, "Tillie"; p. 147.
Rose Fyleman, "The Goblin"; p. 142.
Rose Fyleman, "Yesterday in Oxford Street"; p. 137.
Oliver Herford, "The Elf and the Dormouse"; p. 143.
(Fanciful Story: Charlotte's Web.)
Edward Lear, "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat"; p. 114.
(Adventure Story: Homer Price.)
Mildred Plew Meigs, "The Road to Raffydiddle."
Ella Young, "The Unicorn"; p. 150.
(Myths: "Hiawatha's Fasting," "Theseus and the Minotaur," "Arachne," "Phaeton and the Chariot of the Sun.")

4. Myself:

Robert Louis Stevenson, "My Shadow"; p. 106.
Winifred Welles, "Skipping Along Alone"; p. 104.

5. Nature:

Elizabeth Coatsworth, "Hard from the southeast blows the wind"; p. 167.
Kathryn and Byron Jackson, "Noonday Sun"; p. 29.
(Animal Story: Brighty of the Grand Canyon.)

6. People and Places:

Badger Clark, "Cottonwood Leaves"; p. 31.
(Historical Fiction: Little House on the Prairie.)
Eleanor Farjeon, "Boys' Names"; p. 6.
Kathryn and Byron Jackson, "Open Range"; p. 30.
Mildred Plew Meigs, "Silver Ships"; p. 81.
(Adventure Story: Homer Price.)
James Whitcomb Riley, "Little Orphan Annie."
(Other Lands and People: A Brother for the Orphelines.)

7. Seasonal:

Emily Dickinson, "The morns are meeker than they were"; p. 175.
Carl Sandburg, "Theme in Yellow"; p. 176.

Grade 5:

1. Animals:

Anonymous, "Whoopee Ti Yi Yo"; p. 30.
(Folk Tales: "Pecos Bill, King of Texas Cowboys.")
Mary Austin, "The Sandhill Crane"; p. 53.
Elizabeth Coatsworth, "The Sea Gull Curves His Wings."
Rachel Field, "Something Told the Wild Goose"; p. 177.
Rudyard Kipling, "Seal Lullaby"; p. 76.
Irene Rutherford McLeod, "Lone Dog"; p. 47.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Ogden Nash, "The Panther."

3. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Winifred Welles, "Behind the Waterfall"; p. 149.
(Folk Tales: "Rapunzel," "The Woodcutter's Child," "The Three Languages.")

4. Myself:

Mildred Plew Meigs, "Silver Ships"; p. 81.
Eunice Tietjens, "Moving"; p. 87.

5. Nature:

Robert Frost, "Neither Out Far Nor in Deep."
(Adventure Story: Island of the Blue Dolphins.)

Carl Sandburg, "Fog"; p. 161.
Elinor Wylie, "Velvet Shoes"; p. 189.

6. People and Places:

Arthur Guiterman, "The Pioneer"; p. 33.
(Historical Fiction: Children of the Covered Wagon.)
Mildred Plew Meigs, "Abraham Lincoln"; p. 41.
Nancy Byrd Turner, "Lincoln"; p. 40.
Nancy Byrd Turner, "Washington"; p. 38.

7. Seasonal:

Anonymous, "I Saw Three Ships."

Grade 6:

1. Myself:

Richard LeGallienne, "I meant to do my work to-day--"; p. 110.
David McCord, "This Is My Rock."
Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Afternoon on a Hill"; p. 165.
Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Travel"; p. 81.
Robert Louis Stevenson, "Travel"; p. 90.

2. Nature:

Allan Cunningham, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea"; p. 83.
John Masefield, "Sea-Fever"; p. 84.
(Biography: Cartier Sails the St. Lawrence.)

3. People and Places:

Anonymous, "Sir Patrick Spence"; p. 19.

B. The Golden Treasury of Poetry

Grade 1:

1. Animals:

Jane Taylor, "Little Pussy"; p. 48.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Anonymous, "Poor Old Lady"; p. 231.

3. Home, Family, Community:

Louis Untermeyer, "Questions at Night"; p. 20.

4. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Eugene Field, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod"; p. 302.

5. Myself:

David McCord, "Every Time I Climb a Tree"; p. 253.

6. Nature:

Christina Rossetti, "The Caterpillar"; p. 73.

7. People and Places:

Genevieve Taggard, "Millions of Strawberries"; p. 252.

8. Seasonal:

E. E. Cummings, "In Just--"; p. 272.

Grade 2:

1. Animals:

Aesop (adapted), "The Ant and the Cricket"; p. 78.
(Fables: "The Hare and the Tortoise," "The Ant and the Grasshopper.")
Anonymous, "Five Little Chickens"; p. 67.
George Copper, "Bob White"; p. 60.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Anonymous, "Frog Went a-Courtin'"; p. 19.
Edward Lear, "The Table and the Chair"; p. 215.

3. Home, Family, Community:

Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Land of Story Books"; p. 12.

4. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Eugene Field, "The Fly-Away Horse"; p. 298.

5. Myself:

Anonymous, "All I Need to Make Me Happy"; p. 18.

6. Nature:

Francis Thompson, "To a Snowflake"; p. 248.

7. People and Places:

Anonymous, "Simple Simon"; p. 104.
Vachel Lindsay, "The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky"; p. 258.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (?), "Jemima"; p. 101.
Sarah Catherine Martin, "Old Mother Hubbard"; p. 102.

8. Seasonal:

L. Maria Child, "Thanksgiving Day"; p. 278.
Sarah Coleridge, "A Calendar"; p. 268.
Clement Clarke Moore, "A Visit from St. Nicholas"; p. 292.

Grade 3:

1. Animals:

Charles Edward Carryl, "The Camel's Lament"; p. 37.
Emily Dickinson, "The Snake"; p. 68.
William Shakespeare, "The Horse"; p. 28.
(Animal Story: Brighty of the Grand Canyon.)
Bayard Taylor, "A Night with a Wolf"; p. 33.
Carolyn Wells, "How to Know the Wild Animals"; p. 230.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Anonymous, "Three Jolly Huntsmen"; p. 217.
(Adventure Story: Homer Price.)
Hilaire Belloc, "George Who Played with a Dangerous Toy, and Suffered a Catastrophe of Considerable Dimensions"; p. 216.

3. Home, Family, Community:

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "The Children's Hour"; p. 98.

4. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Aesop (adapted), "The Ant and the Cricket"; p. 78.

(Fables: The Fables of Aesop.)
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "A Musical Instrument"; p. 162.
(Myths: "Hiawatha's Fasting.")
John Hay, "The Enchanted Shirt"; p. 171.
Joseph Lauren, "The Fox and the Grapes"; p. 170.
Joseph Lauren, "The Frogs Who Wanted a King"; p. 169.
(Fables: The Fables of Aesop.)
Ogden Nash, "The Tale of Custard the Dragon"; p. 166.
(Fanciful Story: Charlotte's Web.)

5. Myself:

Robert Louis Stevenson, "Escape at Bedtime"; p. 13.

6. Nature:

Emily Dickinson, "A Day"; p. 251.

7. People and Places:

Robert Louis Stevenson, "Travel"; p. 263.

8. Seasonal:

James Berry Bensel, "February"; p. 269.
(Biography: Leif the Lucky.)
Robert Louis Stevenson, "Winter-Time"; p. 280.

Grade 4:

1. Animals:

Anonymous, "Ballad of the Fox"; p. 32.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Lewis Carroll, "Humpty-Dumpty's Recitation"; p. 209.
Edward Lear, "The Pobble Who Has No Toes"; p. 212.

3. Home, Family, Community:

Walt Whitman, "I Hear America Singing"; p. 306-07.

4. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Anonymous, "Not So Impossible"; p. 228.
Catherine Fanshawe, "Enigma on the Letter H"; p. 229.

5. Myself:

Richard LeGallienne, "I Meant to Do My Work Today"; p. 250.

6. Nature:

May Swenson, "The Cloud-Mobile"; p. 255.
Jones Very, "The Tree"; p. 254.

7. People and Places:

Walter de la Mare, "Jim Jay"; p. 105.
Walter de la Mare, "Tartary"; p. 105.
Heinrich Heine, "The Loreley"; p. 137.

8. Seasonal:

Thomas Hood, "No!"; p. 280.

Grade 5:

1. Animals:

Aesop (adapted), "The Ant and the Cricket"; p. 78.
(Fables: "The Hare and the Tortoise," "The Ant and the Grasshopper.")
William Canton, "The Crow"; p. 65.
Robert Frost, "The Runaway"; p. 29.
John Keats, "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket"; p. 77.
(Biography: Dr. George Washington Carver, Scientist.)
Ogden Nash, "An Introduction to Dogs"; p. 38.
John Godfrey Saxe, "The Blind Men and the Elephant"; p. 200.
William Shakespeare, "The Horse"; p. 28.
Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "The Eagle"; p. 58.
Constance Fenimore Woolson, "Kentucky Belle"; p. 192.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

James Thomas Fields, "The Owl-Critic"; p. 200.
(Fables: Bidpai Fables, Jataka Tales.)
Carl Sandburg, "Yarns"; p. 196.
(Folk Tales: "Pecos Bill, King of Texas Cowboys.")

3. Home, Family, Community:

John Skelton, "Merry Margaret"; p. 88.

4. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

Anonymous, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"; p. 114.
(Folk Tales: "Rapunzel," "The Woodcutter's Child," "The Three Languages.")
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "A Musical Instrument"; p. 162.

(Myths: "Pyramus and Thisbe," "Ceres and Proserpine," "Atalanta's Race.")
Robert Browning, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"; p. 153.
(Fanciful Story: The Snow Queen.)
Louis Untermeyer, "Disenchanted"; p. 168.
(Folk Tales: "Pecos Bill, King of Texas Cowboys.")
William Butler Yeats, "The Song of Wandering Aengus"; p. 127.

5. Myself:

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6. Nature:

Elizabeth Coatsworth, "On a Night of Snow"; p. 48.
William Wordsworth, "The Daffodils"; p. 254.

7. People and Places:

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(Adventure Story: Robin Hood.)
Felicia Hemans, "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers"; p. 176.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Paul Revere's Ride"; p. 184.
(Historical Fiction: Children of the Covered Wagon.)
Thomas Moore, "The Minstrel-Boy"; p. 313.
(Other Lands and People: The Door in the Wall.)
Sir Walter Scott, "Lochinvar"; p. 134.
(Other Lands and People: The Door in the Wall.)

8. Seasonal:

Robert Browning, "Spring Song" from Pippa Passes; p. 273.
William Wordsworth, "The Kitten Playing with the Falling Leaves"; p. 52.

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1. Animals:

Gerard Manley Hopkins, "Pied Beauty"; p. 246.
(Fable: The Wind in the Willows.)
Ogden Nash, "An Introduction to Dogs"; p. 38.
Lew Sarett, "Four Little Foxes"; p. 31.
Isaac Watts, "The Bee"; p. 69.

2. Fun and Nonsense:

Lewis Carroll, "Father William"; p. 206.

Lewis Carroll, "Jabberwocky"; p. 208.
Rudyard Kipling, "If--"; p. 314.

3. Home, Family, Community:

Robert Louis Stevenson, "Requiem"; p. 237.

4. Make-Believe and Fantasy:

John Hay, "The Enchanted Shirt"; p. 171.
(Folk Tales: The Arabian Nights.)

5. Myself:

Anonymous, "A Centipede"; p. 77.
Elizabeth Coatsworth, "Conquistador"; p. 93.
Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Ozymandias"; p. 312.

6. Nature:

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Gerard Manley Hopkins, "Pied Beauty"; p. 246.

7. People and Places:

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Robert Browning, "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"; p. 149.
(Adventure Story: Tom Sawyer.)
Robert Browning, "Incident of the French Camp"; p. 148.
Lewis Carroll, "The White Knight's Song"; p. 210.
(Historical Fiction: King Arthur.)
Phoebe Cary, "A Legend of the Northland"; p. 139.
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Alfred Noyes, "The Highwayman"; p. 131.
(Adventure Story: Tom Sawyer.)
Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "Lady Clare"; p. 144.
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8. Seasonal:

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John Keats, "To Autumn"; p. 279.
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VI. TITLE INDEX OF POEMS IN ANTHOLOGY

VII. SELECTED RECORDINGS OF POETRY READINGS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEGRO POETRY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Folkways FC 714. $4.95. Arna Bontemps reads from his anthology Golden Slippers (Harper).

BAB BALLADS AND CAUTIONARY TALES. Caedmon TC 1104. $5.95. Side 1 contains seven of Gilbert's BAB Ballads; Side 2 contains fifteen of Belloc's Cautionary Tales. Read, with a light touch, by Joyce Grenfell and Stanley Holloway. For older boys and girls rather than the youngest.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. Caedmon TC 1077. $5.95. Judith Anderson's voice seems just right for these favorite poems.

DREAM KEEPER. Folkways FC 7104. $4.95. The poet Langston Hughes reads from his book, Dream Keeper (Knopf).

EVANGELINE. Folkways FL 9502. $4.95. Harry Fleetwood reads Longfellow's narrative poem. For older boys and girls.

FAMOUS POEMS THAT TELL GREAT STORIES. Decca 9040. $4.95. Frederic March reads such familiar poems as "Gunga Din," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Creation," "Annabel Lee," "The Highwayman," and others.

THE HEROIC SOUL: POEMS OF PATRIOTISM. Decca DL 9044. $4.98. A stirring performance of twenty well-known poems by Whittier, Whitman, Bryant, and others. Read by Arnold Moss.

I AM AN AMERICAN AND OTHER COLLECTED POEMS. Spoken Word SW 105. $5.98. Elias Lieberman reads 16 of his own poems. One in the Contemporary Poetry Series. For older listeners.

LEAVES OF GRASS. Caedmon TC 1037. $5.95. Clear and straightforward reading of Walt Whitman's poetry by Ed Begley.

THE NATURE OF POETRY. Spoken Arts 703. $5.98. Dr. Frank C. Baxter talks to older boys and girls about poetry, and he brings to the subject his own love for it.

OLD POSSUM'S BOOK OF "PRACTICAL CATS." Spoken Arts SA 758. $5.98. Robert Donat reads six poems by T. S. Eliot. Accompanying score by the Philharmonic Orchestra. Performance was originally designed as a concert for children and had its first performance at the Edinburgh Festival in 1954.

OUR COMMON HERITAGE. Decca DL 9072. $4.98. "Great poems celebrating milestones in the history of America." A companion record to Decca DL 9044 with some overlapping. Performed by Frederic March, Bing Crosby, Brian Donlevy, and others.

THE PIED PIPER (ROBERT BROWNING) AND THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK (LEWIS CARROLL). Caedmon TC 1075. $5.95. Boris Karloff reads both poems superbly.

POEMS AND LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Caedmon TC 1119. $5.95. A fresh and sensitive reading by Julie Harris.

POEMS BY ROBERT FROST. Decca DL 9033. $4.98. A fine selection read movingly by the poet himself.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN. Caedmon 1124. $5.95. Carl Sandburg reads his own poetry in his own inimitable style. For all ages.